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DRAWN BY MRS. K. R. WIREMAN

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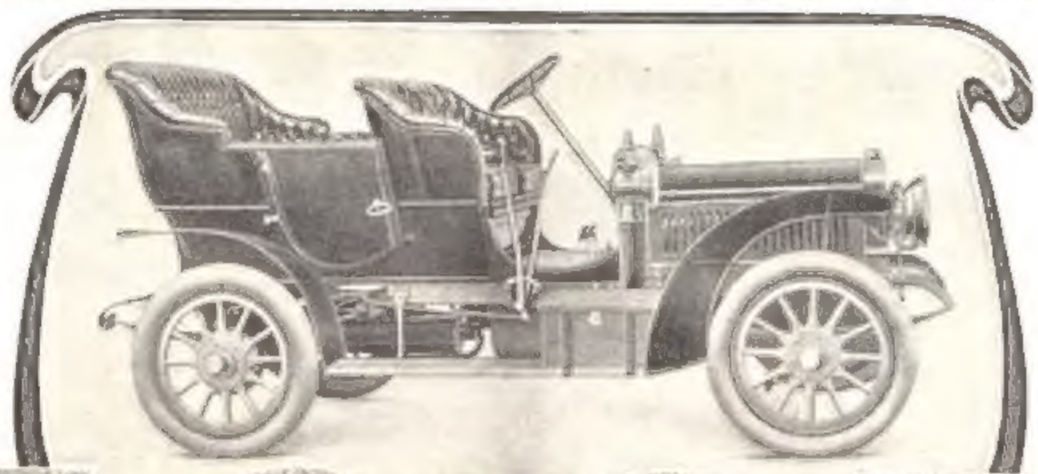

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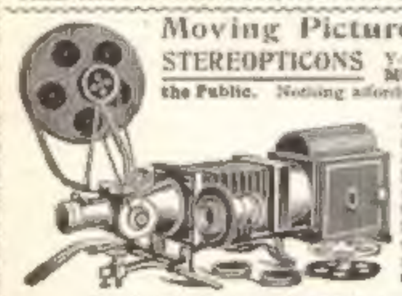

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My Conversion to Life Insurance

By ALFRED HENRY LEWIS

THERE once lived a Scotchman—born in 1812—who went to and fro in the world as Samuel Smiles. For all the inferential hilarity of his name, Mr. Smiles took, if not a sad, then a serious view of life and its responsibilities. He began his career by studying medicine and surgery in Edinburgh. Graduating in drugs and lancets, he found the speedy road to England, after the manner of those Scotchmen of whom the jealous Johnson so often complained to Boswell.

Mr. Smiles settled in Leeds—a fifth among the principal towns of Great Britain. Here he was in the swirling midst of manufacture—woolen, iron and countless other branches—and those neighbors who surrounded him were, for the most part, mechanical, wage-earning folk. If not poor, they were not rich, and young Smiles, as he tied up their arteries and set their bones, grew to a tacit philosophizing over their work-a-day conditions. In the end he tired of pills and plasters; thereupon he took down his doctor's sign, cut the wire of his night-bell to protect his pillow, and gave himself to writing books.

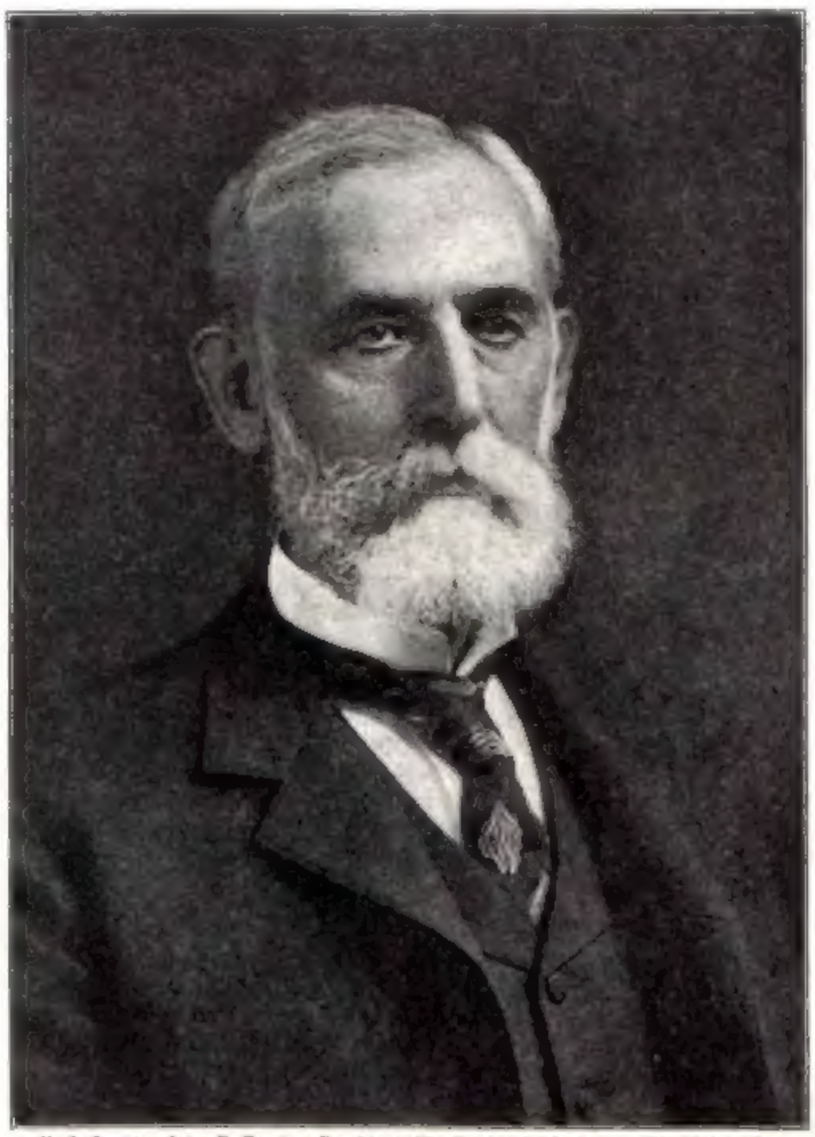
Being young, with blood hot, and perhaps a liking and a lust for trouble, he wrote the "History of Ireland." Later he became cooler; and as he did so, what he'd seen and heard and thought in those days when he went drug-dispensing among the work-folk of Leeds began to come uppermost. He wrote "Character" and "Duty," and "Self-Help"; and as, one after the other, these went from under his pen, fame began to settle like a mantle about the shoulders of Mr. Smiles. He found celebration and acceptance for his honesty, his wisdom and the solvent worth of his counsel. In the end he wrote "Thrift," which some think the capstone of his works.

The other evening, being in that mood of mental weariness when one is inclined to relegate one's thinking to one's neighbor, and wants to be told things without being driven to the trouble of hunting them out for oneself, I picked up "Thrift." The book did very well as a rest-cure, and I drifted about among its mild and temperate passages with a deal of passive satisfaction. For the greater part it was telling of people who, in a worldly sense, were worse off than I myself was, and that alone is ever calculated to invite repose.

This pleasant condition continued until I went aground on certain observations touching Life Insurance. The particular chapter was headlined "The Economy of Life Assurance"; and it turned out to be replete with a long array of fact and argument, all urging the investment-propriety of rich and poor, high and low alike, going with Life Insurance, each to the fair limit of his means.

What I read made an impression upon me; for my author Smiles was not a Life Insurance agent, owned no personal interest in any Life Insurance attitude that either I or any other individual might take, and as a last but not least weighty feature wrote this his argument in favor of the idea, toward the end of his own long life, when it would be reasonable to assume that he was not to be deluded by the fallacious in theory or imposed upon by the fraudulent in fact. Particularly I was caught by these words:

"But life is most uncertain, and he knows that at any moment he may be taken away, leaving those he holds most dear comparatively destitute. He insures for five hundred pounds, payable to his survivors at his death, and pays from twelve to thirteen pounds yearly. From the moment on which he pays that amount the five hundred pounds are secured for his family, although he died the very next day. Now if he had deposited that twelve or thirteen pounds in a bank it would have taken about twenty-six years before his savings would have amounted to five hundred pounds. But by the simple expedient of Life Assurance, these twenty-six years of the best part of his life are on this account at least secured against anxiety and care. The anticipation of future evil no longer robs him of present enjoyment. By means of his annual fixed payment, he is secure of having a fixed sum at his death for the benefit of his family. In this way Life Assurance may be regarded in the light of a contract by which the inequalities of life are to a certain extent averaged and compensated, so that they who die soon—or rather their families—become sharers in the good fortune of those who live beyond the average term of life."



U. S. Senator John F. Dryden, President, The Prudential Insurance Co. of America

Having come thus far with Mr. Smiles, I closed the book—with my finger holding the place—and gave myself up to cogitation. In one sense I had met defeat. I had embarked upon those ripppleless tides of "Thrift" with a thought of rest, and to avoid the heave and billow-toss of even a least mental exertion. Now I was of a sudden caught up in a very storm-centre of conjecture. I could understand Mr. Smiles. Those who take alpenstock and go forth to climb the Matterhorn are made, by the prudent wisdom of the guides, to tie themselves together, each man to his neighbor, front and rear, to the end that should he miss foothold and slip, the rest shall save him. That, thinks I, so far as one's wife and children are involved, is Life Insurance. The policy is that saving rope. One misses one's foothold on the steeps of existence, but one does not thereby—because of that saving rope—hurl wife and children into an abyss of want. Living, one labors and supports them; dying, that good binding rope, the policy of Life Insurance, reaching from neighbor to neighbor and holding all for each, takes up the strain and saves them from destruction.

Most men, particularly those who make a trade of ink, are more apt to think on living than on dying, and seldom make plans for the last day. The greater part of us are not forethoughtful. We live as carelessly as Highlanders, in the rocks and the cliffs and the caves of opportunity, going down onto the plains of each occasion, carrying off what we can, and setting fire to what we cannot carry off. And yet, speaking for myself, I have lived long enough to be afraid of error, and to take defensive measures against mistake. One cannot afford error: it provokes peril, provides risk. Peculiarly should one shrink from going wrong concerning Life Insurance, which gravely and seriously proposes to take up the burden of fending for one's family when one is no more. Thus ran argument when, on the heels of Mr. Smiles and his "Thrift," I fell to thinking. "Surely," I said, in conclusion, "it is either a great fraud or a great philanthropy. And yet it cannot be a fraud; for if not the honest Smiles, then those years upon years of its successful existence offer an incontestable evidence against that assumption. It could not thus have lasted for that century and more, during which it has had first rank as a soundest economy. If Life Insurance were mere malignant hocus-pocus, the world would have discovered it; if it were a fool's fallacy, the world would have pierced it; in both cases the world would have rejected it, and it would not now occur either as a pet proposal on the pages of the sage Smiles, or a question of sound investment in the sane minds of men."

Having decided, both by the word of my good Scotch author and what deductions I have laid bare, that the theory of Life Insurance embodied within itself a best principle of safety—like the anchors of a ship—and fearing as I've said to be wrong or ignorant in so important a matter, I resolved upon investigation. I was as untaught of Life Insurance, in either its theory or what I shall call its practice, as of oat-culture in Nova Zembla; and with that I cast about me for a best practical example, to become the basis of my studies. The Prudential, that Gibraltar of Life Insurance, attracted me. I had heard it best spoken of. Besides, its controlling spirit was Senator Dryden—whose intelligence had been its architect, just as his integrity was and is its corner-stone.

It is not difficult to get possession of Life Insurance literature, and I presently had an armful. And I went carefully through it, booklet after booklet, with occasional side-flights into Mr. Smiles and his "Thrift."

For a first confident matter, I discovered that Life Insurance has been brought to a science. Every chance has been measured and accounted for; every last possibility eliminated of the company breaking down. The process of Life Insurance, as practised by The Prudential for example, is mathematically exact, and as certain in its results as two and two are of making four. Given a policy plus death, the death-loss is paid, and that promptly.

True, my doubtful friend, all things of this world are liable to fail or to fade. Crowns rust, thrones decay, and the sponge of time wipes nations from the map. And yet, as men use the word, such companies as The Prudential are *sure;* since they found themselves on investments that are as the blood and sinew of the country. The government must fall before they fail; and the policies they issue, and the promises they make, have all the vital enduring qualities of a government bond.

In a broad way, the thought behind Life Insurance—I found this out as I read my literature—is readily comprehended. I had seen the Hanlons in their daring flights, over the heads of a theatre audience, from one swing to another. In its raw stage, the "act" lay wide open to peril. The flying Hanlon might fail to connect; he might miss his clutch at the swing, and come tumbling, to break his back on the orchestra seats. As closing this door of death, the Hanlons always did their "act" over a net; then, should a Hanlon fall, his safety was made sure.

Life Insurance was the Hanlon idea over again, with the policy acting as the net. The natural risks of existence make every man a Hanlon, with the added drawback that, in his flights from swing to swing, he must take wife and children with him. His risk is bound to be their risk. And so, being a prudent Hanlon, owning enough of loving forethought to bear the welfare of his family on his daily slope of thought, he takes out Life Insurance, and spreads that net of safety between those he loves and a poverty that might destroy them.

Being by this time thoroughly converted to Life Insurance as a theory of good, I began to read over what proffers were made by The Prudential to the would-be policy getter. There were, I found, the "Whole Life Policy," the "Limited-Payment Policy," the "Endowment Policy," the "Intermediate Policy," the "Guaranteed five per cent. twenty-year Insurance Endowment Bond," and the "Five per cent. Gold Insurance Bond Policy." These policies, being one and all of the sort termed straight Life Insurance, were aside from that Industrial Insurance which the company offered, and of which it conducted a larger business. This Industrial Insurance, by the way, is most important, as opening a path of safety to the wage earner.

Running these proffers over in my mind, from the "Whole Life Policy"—which is the old-fashioned, heel-and-toe method of insurance, whereby one pays his premium of so much per year while he lives, and his family receives the face of the policy when he dies—to the "Five per cent. Gold Bond" plan—which latter struck me as an admirable savings-bank arrangement—it

was made clear that The Prudential had invented, for the good of its policy holders, divers improvements that were unknown when Life Insurance was young. Under the old system, a failure to pay your premium on the nail when due, meant the death of the policy. You might have paid your premiums for years; let your foot but slip, miss but one payment, and all was swept away. The policy died; the premiums already paid were lost, and you were where you started. No, you were worse off than when you started; for there was now that handicap of added years. Your increased age, should you seek to take out fresh insurance, would tell against you in increased premiums. You would now pay more, while the face of your policy would be no bigger than before.

This catastrophe, the result of a failure to meet one's premium, was obviated in those offers of insurance which The Prudential held forth. If one who had met his premiums during a certain brief space of time—always written in the policy—should fail in any particular payment, the policy did not die. As a primary step there was a month of grace given the policy holder. If his premium was due on the first of July, he had until the first of August wherein to pay.

Even then a default did not put him out of court. Failing to bring in his premium by August first, the whole amount he had already paid in premiums would be counted up. Then he was granted a paid-up policy, for a sum the size of which grew in proportion to the whole sum of his former premiums.

The scheme was perfect; it was like those safety arrangements one sees on the modern elevator. The rope breaks; but the car does not go crashing to the far bottom of the shaft. The mere parting of the rope gives instant action to the automatic brakes: the car is caught and held. And so with these safety contrivances of The Prudential Insurance Co. The rope might break, the premium might fail: those automatic safety brakes will catch the policy, midair, and the policy holder is saved his honest proportion of Insurance. This feature of excellence is incident to all policies written by The Prudential. Another element—and one calculated to make easy the sleep of the policy holder—is that the company waives all right to contest a policy, and squabble in court against the payment of a loss, once the policy be one year old.

In a day long gone in Life Insurance, when the old and only the old method prevailed, a blunt personage, approached on the subject of taking out a policy, put the suggestion aside on the grounds, as he phrased them, of "not caring to go into a game where he had to die to win."

Something of this gentleman's egotism and selfishness I confess abides in a partial sense with me. If I don't wholly refuse a game wherein you have to die to win, I at least prefer those games in which you may both live and win. Being thus constituted, I am frank to say that of those Insurance proffers made by The Prudential, that one to most win upon me was the "Guaranteed Five per cent. twenty-year Endowment Bond."

As illustrating what might be done with this scheme of Insurance, I imagined a man whose years were thirty: What would he give, and what would he get, under that scheme of Prudential Insurance?

Assuming then that under it he takes out a policy for five thousand dollars, the whole amount of the premiums to be paid up in twenty years: His premium yearly, by this arrangement, will be $405.30. But this further fact is to be considered: While year after year he pays $405.30, and no more, the face of the policy increases annually by five per cent. During the first year, the policy calls for $5,250; during the second for $5,500, and so it grows until at the end of twenty years when the policy is paid up and no more premiums are to be called for, the policy is worth $10,000.

There then is the situation: My friend of thirty has paid into The Prudential, during those years, $8,106. On his side, and as against this, he holds the company's paid-up promise for $10,000.

What can he do with that promise?—being now in his fiftieth year. He can cash it at the company's office for $10,000. Or he may have part cash, and part in a paid-up policy, and there are other methods. Best of all, he may buy an annuity for himself; and if he be what President Roosevelt would call "a square man," he'll do the latter. By this annuity plan, the company would receive his $10,000; and for it would pay him $750 every year for life—being seven and one-half per cent.—even though he lived to be as old as Old Parr.

The great point, never to be forgotten—for it was the first reason of insurance—is that should he die at any moment during those twenty years, were it the next day after the policy was written, his wife and family would be paid the face of the policy. It would be at the smallest amount, $5,250. It would increase five per cent. of $5,000 for every year the policy ran.

Suppose my provident friend had put those annual $405.30 into a bank at four per cent. interest. It would take ten years before the deposit climbed to $5,000. And yet, at the end of ten years, that Prudential policy in the event of death would call for $7,500. No saving could equal it; no investment approach it. Samuel Smiles was right.

"But," says one, turning the "ifs" and "ands" in his thoughts, "if he had put those $405.30 in a bank, he could have drawn them out at any time, and used them."

Read your policy, friend! Given a certain age, three years, I think, you, on your policy, can borrow from the company a big proportion of all you've paid in as premiums. Or you can surrender the policy for cash. The whole story of what you can borrow, or what you can "cash" for, is plainly told in the policy; for I might say in passing that The Prudential sells no pigs in pokes.

The longer I looked at the above insurance, the more perfect the scheme seemed to me. It was safer than a bank; for there can be no "runs" on The Prudential, to lock its doors and put its shutters up. It was better than other investment; for it paid five per cent.—more than the usual "safe" investment pays. Also—and this was the unique advantage—it anticipated the years, and gave one an investment capital of $5,250 at the very threshold of the transaction.

How can The Prudential pay so much for so little?—how can it take your $405.30 a year for twenty years, and when you are fifty give you an alternative of $10,000, in hand, or an annuity of $750 while you live? Because, in addition to it being Life Insurance, the company buying, as it does, millions of securities at a time, it can get a bigger interest for its money than you—a small investor—can get for yours. Beyond that—and here is another great reason—it will issue policies only to hale people. Every one who asks for a policy doesn't get it. The would-be policy holder must show himself sound in wind and limb, or the company will refuse him. It requires no argument to show the effect of this in favor of the company—an effect which finally expresses itself in those vast advantages whereof I've told you to healthy folk who are granted policies.

When Senator Dryden laid the bed-plates of The Prudential as its founder, he had Industrial or *mass* insurance in his thoughts. Until then, in America, only the well-to-do in this world's goods might talk Life Insurance. The wage-earners, that great body of people who were "poor," couldn't think of a policy because they couldn't manage the premium. Insurance, in those days, went in one-thousand-dollar parcels, and was out of a wage-earner's reach.

Senator Dryden is a practical and thinking man, he saw that, to best help a man, one had but to help him help himself. Then it was he resolved upon inaugurating an Industrial Insurance; and with that the foundation of The Prudential began.

America has taken many a good thing out of England besides its Independence; and, among the rest, Industrial Insurance. Senator Dryden, who begins a study at its source, went to England to make himself master of the details of Industrial Insurance. This was in the early '70's; when he had equipped himself he returned and formed The Prudential in 1875.

Industrial Insurance is primarily a burial insurance, which gives even the poorest an opportunity to relieve the public of a burden that does not belong to it, and at the same time take his own self-respect down with him to his grave, and therefore it should have the widest public endorsement.

Whatever may be the life beyond, certainly one's entrance into it can in no wise be injured by making a reputable exit from this one. Also, on grounds of sentiment, and for the mere sake of a name, it is worth the while of any man to be laid away under conditions of solvency and level manhood. He shall be none the worse, here or hereafter, who gives no occasion for those he leaves behind to either lie or blush when his funeral is mentioned. Being first of all a burial Insurance, Industrial Insurance must needs provide for every member of a family—the man and the woman, the child at school, the grandsire by the hearth.

There are those six or seven black weeks—weeks empty of plan, void of direction—which inevitably descend upon a house with the death of the bread-winner. With crape on the door!—that is no time for a family to be without a dollar. Industrial Insurance steps in and pays the face of the policy—that policy which five or ten or fifteen weekly cents provided.

And what should it mean to pay those five or ten or fifteen cents? The foregoing of a glass of beer! A walk of a mile on Saturday afternoon, when one would have else taken a car! The sum is easily mastered; and with the peril that lies all across them like a shadow—the black peril of dying a pauper, with the blacker peril superadded of leaving wife and children without a least splinter of provision—it is no wonder that nearly every wage-worker, however small his fortune, buckles himself, his wife and little ones with this insurance.

There is another admirable plan, which The Prudential makes, that should have widest advertisement. The father may also provide for the child's education. Under the "Child's Endowment" plan, by the annual payment of a small sum, the father secures the child, say at the age of eighteen, the flat fortune of one thousand dollars. An ambitious boy can go a long journey into his books with that equipment of one thousand dollars.

In England, when a rich man's son is born, the rich man begins "laying down," in the baby's bibulous behalf, cellars of claret or port. These are sacred as the wine-bins of the son; and young hopeful may pull the corks at twenty-one.

The Prudential "Child's Endowment" offers a more reasonable field for the exercise of paternal love. Instead of "laying down" a bin of claret, let the father lay down the premium asked, and thereby secure that money needed later to give the son a finished education.

"Plant the tree of learning in your youth," said Lord Chesterfield, "and it will shade your old age."

The old cantaloupe expert of Blackheath was wise in his way, and the American father could do no better than just to help his son with the planting of that tree.

There you have the story of my conversion to Life Insurance. It protects a man—or the man's family—from those natural dangers that surround us all. It protects a man from himself—often his own worst enemy—and teaches him sobriety and thrift. It lengthens life by lessening anxiety.

The more I consider, the more I believe. If a liner, now, were to clear for Europe, wanting its lifeboats, vast would be your horrified amazement. By the same token, it is as wild a venture and one as recklessly improvident, when a man goes sailing the dangerous reef-sown oceans of existence, with wife and babies aboard, and never a lifeboat policy of insurance swinging from the davits, to see them safe ashore should he strike and go down.

The Saturday Evening Post Advertiser.

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THE WINDFALL

A Little Money, a Little Dinner and a Little Love

BY ROBERT BARR

CAPTAIN LORD ANSTALT walked down the steps of his club with the easy, nonchalant air characteristic of him, which gave passers-by the idea that he was a young man to whom the world offered its best, and the slight laugh that his lordship indulged in as he descended would have enhanced this impression, had there been any onlookers—which there were not, for it was a quarter past four in the morning, and, although day was breaking, there was not a soul to be seen, since this was a fashionable and not a working portion of London.

John Anstruther Desmond Terence O'Neill, Fifth Earl of Anstalt, walked jauntily along, twirling his cane, until he came to Piccadilly; then he turned toward the Park. He had the street practically to himself, save for a policeman now and then, who touched his hat to him, for his lordship was well known to the force, even if on occasion he had come into keen conflict with detachments thereof. At ordinary times, as, for instance, between four and five in the morning, each officer he met had a smile for him as well as a salute, for they all knew the daredevil character of the Earl, and were thankful to see him going home quietly and alone, since his lordship was an ugly customer to tackle in a scrimmage.

"Well, Jack, my boy," soliloquized the young man, "I love a fellow that does the thing completely, and no one can say you've made a botch of *this* night's work."

He strode steadily along until he came plump into the arms of a stout policeman who, with a grin on his face, had been stolidly watching him.

"Bless you, I was so absorbed that I never noticed you!" laughed the Earl, diving his hand into his pocket, and bringing the coin of the realm in such quantity that he seemed momentarily taken aback by an affluence which appeared to be unexpected. However, he selected a golden sovereign and gave it to the policeman. He had always been a generous man.

When the youthful Earl reached his own house, he found a very faithful man awaiting him.

"Hello, Ponderby! Have you been up all night like myself, or are you a shining example of early rising, that, we are told, brings health, wealth and wisdom, two of which blessings I am in as much need of as a sound sleep? I myself am the exception that proves the rule—the early bird who has lost the worm."

The excellent Ponderby made no reply, well aware that none was expected, but silently attended his yawning master to the darkened room where spotless sheets awaited the man who had been up all night, and the Earl was abed long before industrial London began work for the day.

It was past one o'clock in the afternoon when he awoke from a refreshing sleep which had been peaceful as that of a child. He smiled as he pictured Ponderby dozing in a chair somewhere about the house, and withdrew his hand from the bell-rope that he neglected to pull. The bath was ready for him, and he plunged in.

"Ah, that's good!" he murmured, as he rubbed himself down. Suddenly a thought occurred to him, and he stood stock-still for a few moments, gazing at the marble bathtub as if he had never seen it before; then: "By Jove!" he muttered, and again: "By Jove!"—with slightly greater emphasis. "I wonder how soon the Duke will take possession, and whether I'll ever recline again in your cool embrace, my pallid sarcophagustacle friend. Grim idea that! This must be the repentance of the day after. No, by the powers, it is still the same day! I have a number of hours remaining before I don the sackcloth. Well, I'll give 'em a jolly good dinner to-night, and nobody will dare say, 'Jack O'Neill's hit hard, but is trying to carry it off.' They'll be compelled to admit that I have carried it off well, hard hit or not."

As he dressed himself, he again came upon the money in his pockets, which he took out and spread on a small table. There was a good deal of gold, and a number of the Bank of England's crackling notes. The Earl's brow wrinkled a little as he gazed upon the pile.

"I must have won all that in the early part of the evening. Funny that I should have forgotten it. Couldn't have borrowed it, for I remember I tried that, and all the chaps happened to be short, and Billy Trumble had the cheek to advise me to go home. Rather wish I had taken his advice, though. Ah, well! It's all in a lifetime," he sighed, as he swept the wealth back into his pockets again without taking the trouble to count it. "There's enough here to pay for to-night's feed, anyhow, and we'll let to-morrow look after itself."

Going downstairs, he found Ponderby slumbering in an armchair in the hall. Light as was the young fellow's step, his man heard it and sprang up, only partly awake.

"Any chance for breakfast, Ponderby?"

"Breakfast is quite ready, m'lord."

"Good. So am I, and will be glad to meet it."

It is regrettable, in the circumstances, that an absence of appetite cannot be recorded. The Earl did not crumble his roll, or toy with ham and eggs, or push away his plate, but fell to with all the enthusiasm with which the most estimable of young men would have attacked so important a meal. The quiet Ponderby saw that he was well supplied.

"You've seen after the dinner to-night, Ponderby?"

"Oh, yes, m'lord!"

"Music and all?"

"Yes, m'lord."

"Well, Ponderby, certain circumstances have arisen since the invitations were sent out that make me wish to do the thing rather well. I hope you won't spare expense, or omit any of those little niceties at which you are such an adept."

"I've done my best, m'lord."

"Then there is no more to be said. My mind is easy on that score. Thank you very much. Would you ask Mr. Johnson to bring in any letters about which he wishes to consult me?"

"Mr. Johnson's gone, m'lord."

"Oh, is he lunching out?"

"I think, from what he said, he won't—he's not coming back. Some letters came by the ten o'clock post, and a good many more by hand: . . . special messengers, telegraph-boys, footmen and those sort of persons, m'lord. Mr. Johnson, he opened them, putting of them under a paper-weight. He makes some observations to me, which I think he's not coming back, m'lord. He puts on his hat, and goes out about an hour ago, m'lord."

"How extraordinary! He did not by any chance leave with you a fifty-pound note for me to replace the amount he borrowed last week?"

"He did not, m'lord."

"Then you must act as secretary *pro tem.*, Ponderby. Let us attack the messages and learn if they affect us as they did Johnson."

The first card bore the ducal crest of Trent. It was curt and to the point. The Duchess presented her compliments to Lord Anstalt, and regretted that she could not

be present at the dinner he was giving that evening. Various other people sent one excuse after another, and at last he came to a note from the Duke himself, which began genially, "My dear Jack," and said that, fearing to be a death's head at the feast, he was simply going to stay away. The frown on the Earl's brow gave indication of becoming permanent, and, as he read letter after letter, he muttered to himself words that sounded profane. Once Ponderby, standing stolidly beside him, thought he was addressed, and asked a repetition.

"Oh, I was merely cursing this age of wireless telegraphy!" said Anstalt with a wry smile. "News got about quickly enough before, but now its speed is over the legal limit, I think. Heard anything about me, Ponderby?"

"Well, m'lord," said Ponderby, clearing his throat with open palm before his discreet mouth, evidently embarrassed, "I did hear—— I—I hope it isn't as bad as ——"

"Oh, it's worse, Ponderby—worse! I haven't a stick or a stone left of all my possessions: gambled 'em away to the Duke last night. But, in the midst of it all, I thought of the invaluable Ponderby, and, when this house was about to be raffled for, I made it a proviso that the Duke was to take you on at double the screw I give you. Oh, don't thank me! I was merely generous at the Duke's expense. He wasn't going to let a trifle like that silence the rattle of the bones in the dice-box. So he agreed. There's the telephone-bell, Ponderby. We're going to have communications by wire as well as by post. Answer it, and tell whoever inquires that I am doing as well as can be expected."

Ponderby reported that it was Mr. Sanderson, of Sanderson & Snell, Telephone Number Twenty-seven-naught-nine-four, Greys Inn, who wished a word with his lordship.

"Oh, blow Sanderson! I don't want any legal advice just now!" cried the young man impatiently. "Tell him I'm economizing, and am giving up my family solicitors. Tell him I'm in bankruptcy, and that you are the receiver. The legal and not the telephone receiver, remember. He'll know the difference."

But Ponderby returned, and said that the insistent Sanderson demanded his lordship's presence at the 'phone, so, with an exclamation of annoyance, the young man obeyed the legal injunction, and Ponderby heard him speaking as cheerfully as if the summons had been exceedingly welcome.

"That you, Sanderson? . . . How are you? . . . Yes. . . . Yes. . . . Oh, no objection in the least! . . . No, you won't hurt my feelings; I'm used to the buffets of an unfeeling world. . . . Ah, but you ought to—take note it was with the Duke of Trent; surely that's some consolation. . . . Oh, everything's gone by the board, and remember humanity is ever so much more honest in a gambling-room than in a so-called court of justice! There is no stay of proceedings, and no court of appeal. We pay up without demur. . . . Certainly, I shall be delighted to see you, but you understand this is a case where legal knowledge is of no assistance. . . . All right, then. . . . Half an hour, you say? . . . Very good; I'll be here, waiting."

The Earl sauntered back in leisurely fashion to the library, which was a favorite room of his, looking out as it did on a quiet garden. His eye lingered for a moment affectionately on its book-covered walls, then came to rest on the green garden, seen through the tall, open window, and, for the first time, there appeared upon his face the faintest tinge of regret. He had just been talking over the wire with a clear-headed, somewhat unsympathetic man of the world, and although he had carried off the conversation blithely enough, and although his interlocutor had uttered neither word nor hint of censure, he had somehow been unable to conceal the fact that he looked upon the Earl as a very young, but very big, fool. The Earl feared that his own mind, quite against his will, was arriving at the same conclusion. He threw himself into an armchair, and turned his gaze upon the impenetrable Ponderby, who stood like a respectful statue.

"Ponderby," began the Earl, whose ingratiating smile chased away the momentary expression of discontent, "it is rather strange that, consorting with you so intimately these several years, I should, after all, know so little about you. Are you a man of many friends?"

"I have a few, m'lord," replied Ponderby, showing no surprise at a question that must have been unexpected.

"Could you muster fifteen at short notice? Supposing each were good for, say, twenty shillings, could you borrow so much as twenty pounds in an afternoon?"

"I dare say I could, m'lord."

"Well, we shall not put them to such a supreme test. We shall appeal to palate rather than to pocketbook. The dinner to-night was to have been set before my own friends, but an unhappy coincidence calls them all elsewhere. I suggest, then, that the banquet shall be given in your honor to your friends, men and women, to the number of thirty, as originally arranged."

"Oh, m'lord, I couldn't think of ——"

"Yes, you can, Ponderby! You never know what you can do till you try. Look at me, for instance. To-morrow I'm going to America to try my luck on a ranch, or in a mining camp, or something else. You haven't such a thing as a pick about you that you could lend to a chap? I don't mean one of the tooth variety, but such as they use in the mountains. Of course you haven't. But to return to our muttons, or rather, to our sauces and entrées—you will invite your fifteen friends with their accompanying women-folk, and I expect everything to be done as ceremoniously as if it were my friends who were present, except that you shall sit at my right hand when I take the head of the table. The occasion of the feast is your own accession to ducal honors, with double the recompense you have heretofore received; surely a fitting occasion for a feast! Now, don't look like that, Ponderby."

"Like what, m'lord?"

"Like the ancient and valued upper servant, who, in a crisis of this kind, tells his ruined master that he has saved a bit of money, and the master is welcome to it, or that he is about to set up a tavern, and so invites the master to a corner of the inglenook for the rest of his days. I admit that this is always done on the stage, but if you recollect, Ponderby, the ruined master is always an old man who has lost his money virtuously through his own honesty and the villainy of the Stock Exchange. But I'm not broken, except financially; I'm young, and there should be no sympathy for me because I wickedly gambled my patrimony away, and there is no rich matrimony yawning to receive me, and thus make up for the lost patrimony."

"Well, m'lord, meaning no disrespect, I do have a bit ——"

The Earl warningly held up his hand.

"That will do, Ponderby. Chuck it! Do not proceed stammeringly to realize my worst fears. I want this dinner to be a success. Say nothing of my plight. The news has perhaps not penetrated through your circle as speedily as it did through mine. I want everybody to be happy, and I'll endeavor to be a model chairman. It is one of the few things I am supposed to be good at. I shall look for a vote of thanks. If language fails you, put up a glib friend who will do justice to the occasion. You shall receive your friends at the head of the stair, for you are the host this evening, and I am merely a complimentary chairman, chosen, as is usual on such occasions, merely for my affability and title. Until that time, I shall be busy in the library, having many letters to write, and I don't wish to be disturbed. Pity that Johnson should have chosen this day to elope. Overwork telephone, telegraph, special messenger or motor to give your guests notice. Ah, there's Sanderson's ring at the door, I imagine! Show him in here, and then get to work."

When the solicitor entered, the easy cordiality of Anstalt's manner had given place to a certain dry formality which was perhaps more in keeping with legal tradition. Mr. Sanderson was tall, grave, darkly clothed, precise in action, and sparing of words. He took a seat by the table—on which were scattered in confusion the messages that the morning had brought—slowly cleared a spot in front of him by pushing aside the letters, and placed on this spot a neatly tied packet of documents. All this his lordship regarded with some evidences of impatience, and at last broke out with:

"Oh, I say, Sanderson, there is really nothing you can do for me in the circumstances, as I told you over the 'phone! I don't want advice, and I won't stand censure. I am very busy to-day, and leave to-morrow for America."

The legal gentleman acknowledged these remarks by bowing with some solemnity.

"It may be within your recollection that my firm introduced to your notice one of our clients, Mr. Jonas Devises, of the Midlands. Your meeting took place two years four months and fifteen days ago, and you were good enough to receive him in this house, and take him to some of your clubs, giving him a glimpse of life that had previously been concealed from him."

"Oh, the rich manufacturer! I remember him very well. I fear the glimpse of life he got did not please him sufficiently to cause any desire for its repetition. He was a victim of the too enthusiastic descriptions the newspaper gave of my holding Burgher's Kop during the Boer War, and conceived an admiration of me so undeserved and so embarrassing that I endeavored to show him another side of my character, with the result that I effectually cooled him off. I trust your client is in good health, and still prosperous."

"He died within six months of his visit to you, my lord."

"I am sorry to hear it, and regret now that I rather shocked the worthy old gentleman."

"You did. He mentioned that in the will he executed, before he left London for the North. He predicted that if you did not amend your ways you would come to financial ruin, but added that he felt reluctant to offer advice which he surmised would not be heeded."

"You have proven his merit both as a prophet and as a man, Sanderson."

"Mr. Devises was a somewhat eccentric old bachelor, with no relatives that he knew of. It seems he came to London, eager to meet you, with some thought of adopting you as his heir."

"He never mentioned the matter."

"No. I gathered that he did not approve of your mode of life. He left his property in trust, and it was to be handed over to you under certain conditions. If, before five years had passed, you married some one in your own station of life, the money was to be offered to you, if you pledged your word of honor that you would never again gamble in any shape or form."

"How interesting! Well, I have not married even into the Music Hall strata of life. What next?"

"If, as he predicted, you lost all you possessed at the gaming-table, the legacy was then to be offered with the same proviso."

"Really? I suppose it never occurred to either yourself or the old gentleman that the money might be refused?"

"It did. In that event the funds were to remain in trust for five years longer, at the end of which period the offer was to be repeated. If we were met by a second refusal, the accumulation was to be used for building the largest lunatic asylum in England, Mr. Devises adding that he was resolved you should benefit even remotely by his beneficence, a phrase which I in vain endeavored to induce him to eliminate as unworthy of a serious legal instrument."

The Earl of Anstalt leaned back in his chair and laughed.

"I wish I had cultivated the old gentleman's acquaintance a little more. He seems to have possessed a sense of humor I little suspected. Well, Mr. Sanderson, you may look me up five years from to-day. May I offer you something?"

"No, thank you, my lord. Er—The amount comes to a little more than five times your former fortune."

"So much as that? Mr. Devises must have been very successful in his business. The iron trade, I think he said it was."

"Cement. The offer remains open until six o'clock to-morrow evening."

"I shall be aboard the Utopia, westward bound, at that hour, and I have chosen such an old tub because of economy, and also because she has no Marconi apparatus aboard. So you will not hear from me, and the lists must close for city and country at the time you mention. Sure you won't have anything? It *is* a little early. Well, good-by, Mr. Sanderson."

The solicitor gathered up his papers and took his departure.

When Lord Anstalt found himself in solitude he did not make immediate use of his leisure, but stood there absent-mindedly looking at the littered table.

"I wonder," he murmured to himself, "if Mary Banatyne has sent a note, or if her refusal is to be taken as included in that of the Duchess. I wonder at whose head the Duchess will next throw the girl? Jove, what a joke it would have been on her Grace if Mary and I had become engaged the last time we met! The Dragon gave us opportunity enough. I wonder if the girl sees she is being used as a pawn, or resents it if she does know. Probably looks on it as quite the correct and proper thing. Let us learn if you are among the deserters, Mary."

He drew up a chair, kicked the wicker waste-paper basket from under the table to a convenient spot at his right hand, and began to overhaul the correspondence, tearing up letter after letter after a glance at each. At last he came to a dainty note which he seemed to expect yet hoped not to find. He read it very slowly. She was going to stop with a school-friend that night, and so could not come to the dinner. Following a moment's hesitation, he flung it also into the waste-basket, then swept in the remainder of the communications on top of it without examining any more of them.

"Ah, well," he muttered, "everything is for the best in the best of all possible worlds. Jack, my boy, you're a fool!"

He now set resolutely at his task of writing resignations to clubs, and other necessary letters. The afternoon waned unnoticed, as he worked, and, without visible cause, the electric lights were turned on, an attention of the silent Ponderby. By and by he became aware that this capable man was standing at his elbow.

"Time to dress, m'lord," he whispered as Jack looked up.

"Have you succeeded in gathering a quorum, Ponderby?"

"Yes, m'lord."

"Good man! Everything laid out upstairs, of course? Don't come up. Stop with your friends. I'll be down in a quarter of an hour, and then we will go through the solemnity of the introductions."

When Jack reëntered the library he looked very spick and span. There was not the slightest trace of worry on his good-natured countenance. He paused by the table until Ponderby should come and fetch him to meet the guests, and a few moments later the guest of the evening came in, seeming slightly in a hurry and almost perturbed,

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THE SOCIALIST MACHINE

A Type of Political Perpetual Motion

By Joseph Medill Patterson

THE Socialists of America have a well-organized political machine. Unlike the old party machines, it runs all year round at top speed, instead of merely during campaigns. The day after one election it begins work for the next election. As is the case with the old parties, there is an inner ring which runs things. For instance, in the 1904 election there were 400,000 Socialist voters, but all nominating power was definitely and unmistakably fixed in the hands of this inner ring of 22,000, or five and one-half per cent. of the whole.

It is a well-known axiom in politics that the men who put up the campaign funds run the party. These 28,000 inner ringers (the number has increased since 1904) who run Socialist politics put up the campaign funds and therefore run the party. In fact, they are the party.

There are two kinds of Socialists—those who are "members of the party" and those who are not. The latter are considered Laodicean and are consequently neither consulted nor regarded by the former. Although the old party inner rings are continually striving to decrease in size, in order that power may be more intensely concentrated among the remaining members, the Socialist inner ring is continually striving to increase its numbers and to diffuse its power.

Any resident of the United States eighteen years or over of either sex or any color, who understands what Socialism means, who renounces all connection whatsoever with other political parties, and who will pay three dollars a year to the Socialist organization, is eligible for membership in the party. But his written application must be passed upon and accepted by the local organization (ward, county, etc.) with which he wishes to affiliate before he can "join the party." Keepers of disreputable saloons and other bad characters are almost invariably rejected by the local to which they apply.

Members of the party are called on to do a good deal of political work all the year round. They distribute literature from house to house, man the polls, hustle at the primaries, drum up crowds for meetings. They do this without hope of any immediate reward, for there are no offices to be distributed among them. The fact that they believe themselves to be bringing the revolution nearer seems to satisfy them.

But the most potent work which the party members do is undoubtedly in their private talks with their families and friends. In this proselyting work extraordinary cleverness is sometimes shown. I have seen men who, when off guard, are bad tempered, blunt, overbearing, almost insulting in argument, become suave, subtle, dexterous, flattering, and the most courteous of listeners when seeking to interest a possible convert.

There is a continuous exchange of ideas between party members as to the most effective manner of enlisting recruits, so that each one has the benefit of the experience of all. And the constant injunction given, not only from each to each by word of mouth, but also officially in the printed pamphlets of the national committee, is: "Don't lose your temper; take it easy."

The collectivist missionaries have a saying: "If we can get a man to reading, we have him." If you, Mr. Reader, have ever been subjected to attack by a Socialist, you will have noticed that he tried to make you read something. What that something was depended on your temperament.

There is a big library of Socialist "literature," made up of all kinds and degrees of printed stuff, from the classics of the movement to its primers, from philosophical dialectics to passionate maunderings.

The profoundest single work is indubitably Capital, by Karl Marx. But this book is so heavy, dry, deep and closely argued that it is never furnished to beginners. Its first ninety pages, unfortunately, are the most intricate and condensed of all—and they have cast many a promising novice into such despair that he pursued his studies no further. Marx managed not only to impress himself permanently on all proletarian thought, but also to put his name to the greatest of all its propaganda documents, the Communist Manifesto. If Capital is the Bible of Socialism, then the Manifesto is certainly its Ten Commandments and Sermon on the Mount rolled into one.

After Marx, Frederick Engels is the greatest author of the movement. Engels assisted in the preparation of Capital, was co-author of the Communist Manifesto and sole author of two other collectivist classics: Socialism, Utopian and Scientific, and Origin of the Family.

The modern European political leaders, Bebel, Vandervelde and Jaures, though careful, painstaking and often brilliant authors, cannot be ranked with Marx, Engels, Kautsky or Liebknicht.

Bellamy, Blatchford and H. G. Wells are the best-known popular Socialistic writers, their stories being well suited to interest beginners. Scientific Socialism has been rather weak in its handling of the farming question until a recent thoroughly scientific, albeit short and undetailed, book was published by Simons, an American.

There is a rather extensive library of anti-Socialist writings—the pamphlets and published sermons of the Jesuits being among the most effective. Dr. A. Schäffle, formerly Austrian Minister of Finance, is author of the two strongest anti-Socialist works: Quintessence of Socialism and Impossibility of Social Democracy. In his definitions of the collectivist position this author is so exceedingly fair and lucid that both these books are widely circulated by the Socialists themselves, regardless of the fact that in the latter part of each work the author uses all his unquestioned talent to discredit Socialism.

There are about twenty English Socialist weeklies in the country, of which at least two have circulations of over 300,000 each. It is the distribution of literature which strikes the dominant chord of the propaganda work. Without this vast library of collectivist writings to keep the Socialists of all parts of the world on the same track and pointed at the same goal, the difficulty of bringing about a social revolution and of making it nearly simultaneous, as is now the purpose, in all parts of the civilized world, would be enormously greater.

The propaganda makes considerable use of mottoes, songs, colors and emblems. The international color is red, the international Socialist holiday is May 1, the battle-hymn is, of course, the Marseillaise. The motto of Socialism, taken from the Manifesto, is: "Workers of the World United. You have Nothing to Lose but your Chains, and a World to Gain."

Socialist missionaries almost invariably find their easiest work among young people. I personally know of four cases where a boy, compelled to leave home because of his Socialism, has thereafter managed, by secret meetings or by letter, to convert some or all of his brothers and sisters. But in none of these cases could he make any impression on his parents or older relatives.

Organized activity on the part of the National, State and local bodies has been found necessary in order to reap and bind the fruits of the individual labor of the party members.

The national headquarters are at Chicago, in charge of J. Mahlon Barnes, a former cigarmaker, now secretary of the national committee. (There is no permanent chairman to Socialist committees.) The secretary, who is the executive head, is chosen by referendum vote of all party members.

A capable executive is needed to run the office on account of the immense amount of detailed work. There are about twenty national organizers in the field all the time, who go from State to State making speeches, selling literature and endeavoring to form local branches of the party. Barnes directs the movements of all these men, and sees that they overlap neither each other nor the speakers who are under control of the State committees.

There is a deep and lofty cabinet in the national office with fifty shallow drawers in it. Each drawer contains a large scale map of a State or Territory, which is found to be more or less thickly studded with parti-colored pins. A red pin shows that there is a local branch in that town. A white pin shows a complete county organization. A black pin shows a speaker has been assigned; a green, that one has been asked for. The course of the speaker is daily traced on the map in ink. A gray pin shows there is a sympathizer in the town. "Sympathizers" are usually first located by requests to the national office for literature. Their names and addresses are tabulated, and particular attention is thereafter paid to them, both by the sending of literature and by the personal visits of organizers who pass through the town.

The organizers make detailed daily reports of their movements on prescribed blanks. These reports are carefully tabulated and cross-indexed. Thereafter, when a second visit is made to a town, the visiting organizer is informed in advance by the national office as to the character of the population, its attitude toward Socialism, which arguments seemed most effective, what kind of literature was easiest to sell, the addresses of local party members, or, failing them, of sympathizers, and the most suitable hotel or boarding-house.

Receipts on the road are derived from the collection and from the sale of literature. At every Socialist meeting the

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God's Country

By Louise M. Smith

Sing me the song of the bit and spur—
  The song of the smiling plain;
Blow me the breeze from the mountain-top,
  And send me the Western rain!

Mine be the light of the Western stars—
  My breath of the fir and pine,
Where youth and joy and love come back,
  Like the taste of a rare old wine.

So here's to the song of the mountain stream,
  To the shrill of the coyote's cry,
And may I wake in that Western land
  'Stead o' Heaven—when I die.

VAITI OF THE ISLANDS

By BEATRICE GRIMSHAW

The Tale of the Marooners

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To the Girl's Excited Imagination it Seemed Like the Spreading and Darkening Stain of Blood

PART II

VAITI followed the mate out of the cabin at once, rather to his surprise. She had made up her mind that anything was better than the Ikurangi, and she was looking out sharply for a chance—any chance—of turning the tables.

It did not look at first as if she were to have one. The dinghy had been swung out when she got on deck, and a couple of men were standing ready to lower away. They were islanders, and she knew that they would befriend her if they could—indeed, their glances showed as much—yet what could they do?

Donahue was nowhere visible. He had planned this business with some forethought, and he wanted to have a chance of casting blame on his subordinate, if any inquisitive Government officials should incline to look the matter up later. So he stayed down in his own cabin, pretending to be asleep, and the mate, rather against his will, had to carry out orders alone.

Just as the boat was ready to lower away one of the men let her go with a run, and she struck the water stern first, with a terrific splash. The mate, screaming curses, ran over to the falls and began to abuse the crew. The dinghy was injured and they had to haul her up and swing out the whaleboat instead.

This took some little time and Vaiti was forgotten for the moment—a chance that made her heart beat with eagerness to profit by it.

Two ideas held possession of her—that she must plan to secure a boat and that she must manage to do the Ikurangi some sort of mischief. Was it to be borne that Donahue should go unpaid? The blood of a hundred fierce island chiefs made answer.

Concerning the boat she thought she saw a chance. They were bound to stay a day for wood and water, and that should furnish an opportunity. But the other matter?

If she could only get hold of the ship's papers and destroy them!—that would be satisfactory. She knew, none better, that a ship's papers are her character, her "marriage lines" of respectability. Without them a vessel is an illegitimate, furtive creature, every man's hand against her, every official eye turned coldly upon her. Vaiti would have liked very well to get hold of the Ikurangi's.

But, careless as Donahue was, the papers were not to be found in the little deck cabin which he used as a chart-room. Vaiti, disappointed, took one of the charts and began studying the position of the ship with a view to finding out the name of the island off which they were lying.

The chart was almost a blank, nothing being marked upon its wide expanse but a number of reefs, and two or three atolls—Bilboa Island, Vaka, Ngamaru—dotted hundreds of miles apart, in a naked waste of white. Bilboa, an abandoned guano island, of which she had heard something, seemed to Vaiti the most likely of the three spots. Ngamaru, she knew, had a native population, and about Vaka she could for the moment remember nothing, although she knew she had heard something, once upon a time. All this part of the Pacific was far removed from the Sybil's usual haunts and, indeed, from the haunts of any other ship of which Vaiti had ever heard.

It did not seem to be a healthy place for schooners; the reefs around both Vaka and Bilboa were many, and most were marked "position doubtful." Donahue was evidently not familiar with either place, for the chart was freshly penciled over with notes and corrections. Vaiti's heart leaped up as she looked at the careless work. She saw a way. They were still clearing the lumber out of the whaleboat on deck. No one was watching.

Vaiti took a pencil and rubber and began to do some artistic alterations on the chart, helped by her knowledge of seamanship. In ten minutes she had converted the innocent piece of parchment into a perfect death-trap, rolled it up and replaced it, put back the rubber and pencil, and slipped out again on deck where she sat down on a coil of rope and waited.

In another couple of minutes the boat was in the water and the mate called rudely to Vaiti. She came without a word, covering her face with her dress and sobbing bitterly. She stumbled as she walked; you would have sworn she was weak, broken in spirit and utterly helpless.

If the mate felt any compassion he did not dare to show it. They shoved off, two natives at the oars. Vaiti, sobbing effectively behind her hands, kept a sharp lookout with the corner of one eye as they slid across the dark water, but she could see nothing save a faintly glimmering line of gray shore and hear nothing but the humming of the surf on the reef.

As soon as they reached the shallow water near the shore the mate took Vaiti by her arm and roared:

"Out you go!"

Sobbing afresh, in the most natural and convincing manner in the world, she obeyed. It was dark, and the native who rowed bow oar never knew that she whipped his knife dexterously out of his belt as she passed him.

"Why you malooning me?" she wailed, as she waded through the warm, shallow water toward the shore.

The mate leaned out of the boat, now fading fast away into the starry gloom, and shouted as he disappeared:

"To pay for Delgadas Reef and the Margaret Macintyre!"

Vaiti, who had reached the shore, almost sat down with the shock. So that was it—that was it! The pearl-shell lagoon out of which she, almost unaided, had "jockeyed" the schooner Margaret Macintyre, some months before, was bringing in a crop other than pearls—of which last indeed the Auckland man, who had financed the working of the place, had had very much the largest share.

Well, things must be taken as they were found. The soft tropic night stirred gently around her. The stars were large and golden; they shone in the still lagoon like little moons; palm trees waved somewhere up in the dusk above, striking their huge rattling vanes together with the swing of the night breeze. It was land, safe, solid land, and the sand was warm and soft, and Vaiti was tired. She walked a little way up the beach, stretched herself under a pandanus tree and went to sleep.

Some hours later she woke with a dim, mysterious volcano glow of the tropic dawn in her eyes and a curious feeling of disquiet about her heart. Still half asleep, she saw the long, gray shore sloping down to the silent lagoon, the ink-colored pandanus trees standing up against the dull, orange sky, the leaning stems and stumps of cocoa palms dark and formless in the shadow. She shut her eyes once more and tried to sleep again.

No use. That nameless disquiet—now almost fear—still stirred at her heart. She opened her eyes once more and looked about. A little more light—the touch of a glowing finger away in the east—a clearer defining of the cocoanut stumps snapped off near their roots in the last great hurricane—one of the stumps was oddly shaped, almost like a human figure. She could have fancied it was a rude image of a sitting man, only that the profile, against the lightening east, was featureless, and there was nothing to represent the hands.

"I will not be frightened by a rotten cocoanut tree," thought Vaiti. "I will sleep again till it is light. Am I not a sea-captain's daughter, and the descendant of great island chiefs, and shall I fear the fancies of my own mind?"

Determinedly she closed her eyes again and lay very still. The dawn-wind began to stir; the ripples crisped upon the beach; the locusts in the trees broke out into a loud, chirring chorus.

As the day broke silver-clear upon the shore, Vaiti, still lying on the sand, felt that some one, in the gathering light, was watching her as she lay.

Wary as a fox, she opened her dark, keen eyes without stirring her body—and looked straight into a face that was bending almost over her—a face hooded by a black cloth that hid the head and brow, and only left to view—what was it?

Could it hear? Some instinct told the girl that it could. Softly as a snake she writhed out of the reach of those horrible, groping arms.

It did hear. It sprang blindly forward—it snatched.

With one leap Vaiti was on her feet. Never looking back, she fled down the open beach, the sand spurting

And Only Left to View—What was It?

Editor's Note—This is the second part of a two-part story in a series of five tales, each complete in itself, but all dealing with Vaiti of the Islands.

behind her as she ran. She heard footsteps following her at first; they soon grew faint, but she ran on blindly, long after they had died away—ran, while the sun climbed over the horizon, and cast down handfuls of burning gold on her uncovered head—ran, while the beach grew parchment white, and dazzled back the heat into her face like an open furnace—ran till at last her overdriven body gave way, and the sand spun around and the sky turned red before her eyes. Then only she staggered into the shade and dropped down upon a green mattress of convolvulus creeper to rest.

And now, when she had leisure to think and strength to cast off the haunting horror of that inhuman face, she knew what Donahue had done.

This was not Bilboa, the uninhabited guano island that she had feared. This was infinitely worse—it was Vaka, the leper isle!

She remembered that she had once heard a dim rumor of Vaka and its ghastly leper people—the remnant of a plague-smitten tribe long ago forcibly exiled there from one of the fierce western groups. No ships ever called at this graveyard of the living; it was supposed that the cocoanuts and fish of the island provided sufficient food for the people, and no one cared to run the chance of their stowing away and escaping, especially as they were known to be both daring and treacherous on occasion. Donahue had, indeed, laid his plans well for the most hideous revenge that the heart of man or devil could conceive. A few weeks or months in this charnel house of horrors, where the very air must reek of contagion, and what would it avail her if, after all, some stray storm-driven vessel should rescue the castaway? Better then that she should stay and die among the other nameless nightmare horrors that walked these stricken shores.

No! Vaiti, sitting cross-legged on the netted vines, and staring grimly out to sea, then and there took resolve that such a fate should not be hers. Sharks were uncertain if you really wanted them; but the stick of dynamite she had taken from the mate's cabin was safe and sure. If she failed in using it for the special purpose she had planned she would put it in her mouth and light the fuse. There would be no more trouble after that. And as for—the flies—one did not feel them, of course, when one was dead.

All the same, she did not mean to die if she could avoid it; and, as the first step toward helping herself, she knocked some nuts off a young palm and took her breakfast off the refreshing water and juicy meat. Then she cut a length of bush-rope, looped it round the tallest palm in sight, and set her feet inside the loop, so that she could work herself up to the top of the tree, monkey-on-a-stick fashion, leaning against the rope. When she got into the crown of the palm she knelt among the leaves, holding on tightly, and looked right and left over the island.

It was a pure atoll, an irregular circle of feather palms lying on the sea like a great green garland set afloat. The inner lagoon was several square miles in extent; but the land was not more than a few hundred yards wide at any point, and there was no soil to speak of. The palms, the scanty pale-green scrub, the mop-headed pandanus trees, the trailing creepers, all sprang out of pure white coral-gravel and sand. The scene was lovely as only a coral atoll can be—the jewel-green water of the inner lagoon, shaded with vivid reflections of lilac and pale turquoise, the stately circled palms, the wide white beach enclasping all the island like a frame of purest pearl, the burning blue of the surrounding sea, all combined to form a picture bright as fairyland, and sparkling as an enameled gem set upon a velvet shield.

But Vaiti, although she saw and admired the loveliness of the scene, also recognized its barrenness as only an islander could: there was no fruit, there were no roots, and little fresh water—nothing, in fact, but cocoanuts and pandanus kernels, eked out by a little fish. The lepers must often go hungry.

The hot day turned suddenly chill as Vaiti recalled those snatching arms. What if she had not waked? What if, wearied as she well might be, she slept too long and too soundly in the night that was to come?

She looked narrowly about the island, hoping to discover the place where the lepers lived. A cluster of small, miserable huts, on the far side of the lagoon, attracted her attention. It seemed not more than half a mile from the spot where she had spent the night. The best fishing-grounds, she judged, by the look of the shore, to be near the village. She was, therefore, no doubt, several miles from their usual haunts.

So far so good. Where was the schooner? It lay to her left, about a mile out at sea, close to a small, uninhabited, sandy islet. Vaiti supposed that the men were cutting wood and looking for water. She saw one or two black dots on the shore, recognizable by their blue dungaree clothing, and strained her eyes eagerly to see if the dinghy had been pulled up on the sand; for in this lay her only chance. If they brought the boat up on the beach to repair her where wood could be had without going to the atoll itself (Vaiti would have wagered that the slovenly Ikurangi did not carry a splinter outside of the galley fuel), then the schooner would probably stop over night. In that case she could carry out her plans. Otherwise—there was always the dynamite.

The dinghy was ashore, drawn well up on the beach.

She drew a breath of relief, and slid down the tree again. Now she could wait till night with an easy mind.

All day she hid in the tangle of young palm and low-growing scrub that clustered about the foot of the loftier trees. Once she saw a couple of the lepers pass by in the distance, evidently looking for something. These had eyes and she crept closer into the shelter of the scrub till they were gone. Then she came cautiously out and plucked long sheets of the fine pale-brown natural matting that protects the young shoots of the cocoanut, to cover up her white dress, for the scrub was dangerously thin in that staring, overhead sun. She did not venture down to the sea to fish, but fed upon cocoanuts during the day.

"Why You Malooning Me?" She Wailed

Night came at last—night and coolness, with big stars shining in the lagoon, and a gentle breeze stirring among the palms. About midnight, as near as she could guess, Vaiti came out of her shelter and prepared for action.

She took off her clothes and fastened about her waist a petticoat of the dark-colored cocoanut matting, which she had stitched together during the day. So habited, with her olive skin and black hair, she knew that she was invisible in the darkness of the night. She fastened the dynamite and a box of matches into the coil of hair on the top of her head, stuck her knife into the waist of her petticoat, and walked down the beach into the warm, dark sea.

She knew very well that the outer side of an atoll commonly swarms with sharks, but the risk did not trouble her. There was something a good deal worse to face on the island than any number of sharks. Heading for the distant light of the schooner, she swam through the starry water with the low, doglike island paddle that can cover such marvelous distances—keeping her head well out and quietly taking her time.

It was a long swim but it ended at last, and the schooner rose up before her in the water, black and silent, and shifting ever so little upon the swell of the incoming tide. The stars made little trickles of light upon her wet, dark hull. Two boats lay alongside—the dinghy, freshly mended and water-tight, and the whaleboat, loaded with wood and cocoanuts. After the slovenly fashion of the Ikurangi, they had left the boats until the morning to hoist inboard, seeing that it was dead calm in the lee of the islet.

This was more than Vaiti had hoped for, and it made her task easy. She cut the dinghy's painter, got into the boat and muffled the oars with a strip or two torn from her petticoat. Then she put the dynamite into the whaleboat, cut and attached a good long fuse, set a match to it, and saw that the tiny red spark was steadily eating its way along before she pulled off from the ship. She towed the whaleboat after her a little way and then let it go, thirty or forty yards from the ship. It was not her desire to wreck the schooner at Vaka Island, and possibly let loose her enemies upon the atoll; rather she wished the ship well out of the way before any disaster should overtake her. The charts would most probably insure that matter. The destruction of the boat was only intended to secure her own possession of the dinghy.

She had scarcely reached the shore before a loud explosion boomed out across the water and immediately after lights began to stir on board the schooner. Vaiti worked with coolness and speed, knowing that it was not likely, though possible, that any one would swim ashore. From her eyrie in the cocoa-palm she had noted a deep, narrow creek running up from the lagoon—a mere crack in the coral, but wide enough to admit a small boat taken in with care. There was just enough light from the stars to enable her to find the place and run the boat up on the sand at the end into the heart of a tangle of leaves and creepers that entirely concealed it. For safety's sake she cut a few more armfuls of trailing vines from the shore and buried the boat two or three feet deep, so that neither from the sea nor the land could it possibly be seen.

As she worked she could hear shouts and cries, made faint by distance, coming across the water from the schooner. She could imagine the scene that would take place on board when they found themselves boatless. Some of the native crew—not Donahue or the mate; they would never face the sharks—would probably swim ashore to-morrow to investigate. Well, let them!

Having finished the concealing of the dinghy, she got into it herself, put on her clothes again, drew the tangled creepers well over her and went calmly to sleep, secure that no one could find her unless she chose to be found.

All the same, she was very cautious about getting up the next morning, and looked carefully between the leaves before she ventured out of her hiding-place. She covered up her light dress with the cocoanut canvas and then climbed a palm to look about.

People were moving hurriedly about the decks of the schooner; something seemed to be going on. As she watched she saw two natives, clad only in loin-cloths, stand up on the bulwarks, ready to dive. In another moment they had flashed down into the sea, small as ants to sight at that distance, but perfectly clear to Vaiti's sea-trained eyes. Then two dark specks began to make their way across the water. The sun was newly risen, the sea was still a mirror of molten gold, and the tiny black heads stood out sharply on its surface. Vaiti set her teeth as she watched them creeping on. They were island men, of her mother's own race, and they had done her no harm. And . . . the longer a vessel lies at anchor, in equatorial latitudes, the more certain it is that sharks will gather round her—even if there has not been an explosion in the water alongside to kill the fish and collect the tigers of the sea from far and near.

Vaiti looked away, and began desperately to count the nuts clustered among the palm fronds at her feet. How many were there? Ten—fifteen—twenty——

A long, despairing shriek tore across the water. She put her fingers in her ears and buried her face in the leaves. Yet, all the same, she heard a second cry, short and sudden, and quickly ended. There was nothing more. She lifted her face again, her teeth set tight into her lower lip. The two black heads were gone.

"No one will come ashore to-day," she said with a shiver.

Something seemed to stab her, as she thought of that doctored chart in the schooner's deck-cabin. The reefs on the course to South America were hundreds of miles from shore—the ship had no boats—and the native crew must suffer with the villainous captain and mate, if the disaster that she had plotted so carefully should come about. There would be sharks there, too, when the ship broke up.

The crystal-gold of the sea turned dim before Vaiti's eyes. It was only a mist of tears that lay between; but to the girl's excited imagination it seemed like the spreading and darkening stain of blood.

Careless of whether she was seen or not, she slid down the tree and rushed into the scrub, where she sat down upon the sand and cried like a mere nervous schoolgirl. The sun was past the zenith when she lifted her head again; the schooner had put out to sea, and lay, a far-off snowy speck, upon the blue horizon.

(Concluded on Page 20)

The Shame of the Colleges

The University of Chicago: A Self-Made Antique

By WALLACE IRWIN

BACK in the early Nineties the Puritan Fathers of Chicago built a World's Fair and blessed it with a Midway Plaisance. "Artistic! Alluring! Magnificent! Educational!" So said the artistic three-sheet literature which heralded it abroad; and the humble seekers after Truth hearkened unto the words of promise and made pilgrimage to Chicago to learn at the feet of Fatima, the Oriental Writher, Mademoiselle Celeste, Queen of the Lions, and the distinguished Professor Bosko, famous among scientists because he ate 'em alive.

Professor John D. Rockefeller did not own the World's Fair, because there were several strips of earth which he had not then acquired. But out on a three-acre lot, close to the educational Midway, the cornerstone of a rival institution of learning was already laid, an institution which, like the Plaisance, was destined to draw pilgrims to its bosom like a perfervid plaster.

The Midway Plaisance has disappeared, academically speaking, but the University of Chicago has survived, a triumph of financial engineering—the world's greatest Classical and Scientific Business College.

An astrologer connected with the Yerkes Observatory tells me that the University of Chicago was begun under fair auspices. The Advertising Signs of the Zodiac ruled firm; Ursa Major was bunting into Taurus and there was a flurry in autumnal Wheat; Scorpio, the Crab, was feeding with both hands and Aquarius was busy watering the Milky Way. Scorpio, the Crab, according to my Seer, represented the Rockefeller interests, and the Milky Way was the path of Christian enlightenment into which Aquarius was emptying the little brown jug of irrigated subsidy, thus foreordaining an era of unsurpassed business activity in educational circles.

The architecture of the University was immediately decided upon. It should be a Tudor Gothic creation, a sort of Oxford model, with a patent-leather tip. The chaste towers and roseate pinnacles, ever pointing to the mysterious zenith, should be a constant reminder of the Higher-Life-at-Any-Cost.

All the University now lacked was a Faculty, a Football Team and about a thousand years of history. And these were acquired immediately at very little cost.

The earliest Student Body looked at All That Money and thought of Buccaneers; so they decided that the appropriate college color should be a dull Maroon—a delicate tribute to Professor Rockefeller himself. The Trustees saw the golden harvest and held a sacred barbecue and public powwow in which they hanged Expense in effigy. "Oxford or bust!" was their spontaneous cry, and an architect was at once dispatched to England to borrow the plans of Christ Church Hall and Magdalen College. Sacred traditions were brought over in blocks of a thousand each, and in a week were selling like wildfire on 'Change. Chicago University is now fifteen years old, but her history dates back to the Norman conquest. Any Freshman can show you the spot, facing the Midway, where the Magna Charta was signed. We have thus a valuable antique, just as good as the genuine—and a great deal better as to drainage and electric lighting.

When Professor Rockefeller, in the interest of good deeds, divorced his naughty right hand from his pious left, he slaughtered the Golden Veal and called it square. And when it came to the question of coeducation, the Philanthropist cried:

"Welcome, girls! I am going to burn about $12,000,000 worth of the crude product that the Wise Virgins may know how the early worm catches the rebate."

Those original Co-eds have grown a hundredfold at Chicago and have proved, by as many bright examples, that the average vigorous, intelligent, un-Gibsonized American girl can make an excellent college man. They are amazons at basketball, and in the fierce contests of intercollegiate croquet they display a reckless courage almost unfeminine. Annually, when the heroes of the Maroon meet the kickers from Wisconsin, the Co-eds man the bleachers and chime forth the college yells like sweet belles jangled out of tune.

And above all, they have learned to honor the Flag and respect the Standard—a feat which, in itself, requires no ordinary mental agility.

To find Shame in the University of Chicago is almost beneath the dignity of any Journeyman Muckraker in good standing. It is like feeding tobacco to monkeys, or asking the Honorable Chauncey M. Depew to speak before a Mothers' Congress. It is unsportsmanlike. At Harvard they coquet with the tainted article and keep you worried for fear they won't take it. Send a parcel of blemished bonds to Cambridge, and the Trustees (after locking the doors to make sure you won't get away with any of it) will look you coldly in the eye and ask if you have any relatives in Massachusetts. If your answer is not satisfactory, they will instruct you to go around the back way, after dark, and slip a check under the ash-barrel. Harvard is shy, but willing: Chicago has learned to feed trustingly from the hand.

Knowing this peculiarity, I decided to disguise myself as Henry H. Rogers. I carried with me a fountain-pen, a saddle-colored check-book and a traveling-bag well filled with Confederate bills. The ruse was immediately successful. I was no sooner in sight of the Tower than the Glee Club, the University Band, the Blackfriars and the Football Team advanced yelling:

Chicago, wago!
Chicago U.!
Rhino, spondulix,
Pass the mizzoo!
Either pungle
Or skidoo
For you!

Don't *you* go
From Chicago
With the dough-dough!
Bring back
The sack-sack
To Chicago, wago U.!!

The yelling sections of the Divinity School and the Rockefeller Christian Workers so far forgot themselves in the enthusiasm of the moment as to join in with these inspiring lines:

Uncle Hank
Owns the bank!
Ki-yi!
Hi! hi! hi!

Then the Coeducational Girls' Glee Club, gowned becomingly in Alice green, marched forth and chimed in a cultivated semi-chorus:

Ready, girls, steady, girls!
One, two, three—
What's the matter with Uncle Hene-ree?
We will make him L. L. D.!

And again:

Who is Henry H. Rogers?
First in war, first in peace,
And first in the hearts of Chicago U.!
Boom, ta-ra-ra,
Boom-boom!

In my agitation, I almost swallowed my disguise. Tears filled my eyes. One can do much for one's country, if one only knows how to play the Street—and I so unworthy—— But hark! the orator of the Student Congregation was making me an address and leading me triumphantly toward the Treasurer's office. A young instructor wrung me warmly by the hand and whispered: "Good luck, Uncle!" Then the merry students withdrew and left me alone with my money.

The Treasurer was not in, but his stenographer, a discreet young person with an Attic brow and a subway voice, told me, almost eagerly, that I might reach the absent official at once by telephone or telegraph. No, I protested, the sheriff was after me, so I must leave the donation modestly and disappear.

"Very well, sir," said the stenographer. "Some gentlemen prefer to leave it that way, and no questions asked. Hand over your money and I'll give you a coupon."

She delved into her desk and handed me a printed card which read:

As Good as the Genuine

What My Fellow-Reformers Think of These Articles

"Our contempt is Mutual."—McCurdy.

"Half the Truth's better than none."—G. Bernard Shaw.

"It's good work in the wrong direction—but don't burn your scandal at both ends."—Hon. Chauncey M. Depew.

"I read your article about Harvard and don't know it for the same place. Dee-lighted!"—President Roosevelt.

"Why beef about established institutions? Let us return to our muttons."—J. Ogden Armour.

"R Kollijez r thee bulwarx ov r nashinul life. U hav diskuverd them & ther r hav sut ful konsent 2 soke them. Kulumbus woz nott born in Skotland."—Andrew Carnegie.

"I sincerely Insure you that your articles are carrying out the honest Policy which is, after all, the only Equitable arrangement."—Hon. Paul Morton.

"Tain't tainted!"—John D. Rockefeller.

To respect the Standard

"Hand over your money"

My Ruse is Successful

HONORARY DEGREE COUPON (Non-Transferable

The bearer, Mr....., who has given.....million dollars to the University of Chicago, is entitled to the Honorary Degree of ....with trimmings to match as required. The University Tailor will take his measure for one (1) cap and gown. Present this Coupon during Commencement week.

BEARER WILL PLEASE REPORT ANY DISCOURTESY ON THE PART OF ATTENDANTS

"I suppose you do a great deal of business in this office?" I inquired.

"Oh, yes, sir, a great deal!" said the obliging typist. "Wednesdays and Saturdays are our regular endowment days, but we're willing to issue coupons out of office-hours. Some philanthropists send 'round their coachmen."

"Have there been any cases where you have been—er—ashamed to take the money?"

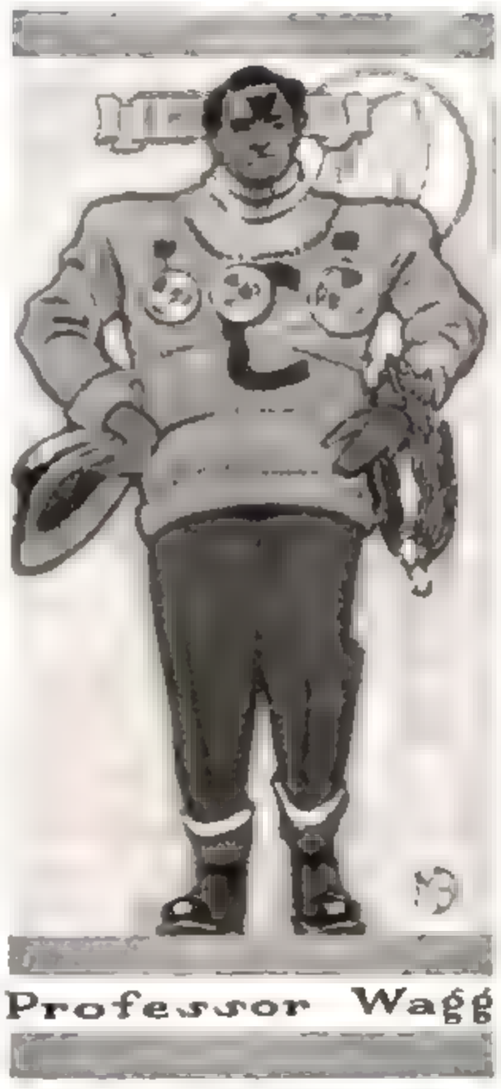
The young person drew herself up to her full height.

"Not so you would notice it!" she said.

Seeing that all else had failed, I tried to reach her conscience brutally with one desperate blow.

"Girl!" I almost hissed, pointing to my packet of Confederate bills, which she was already locking away in the safe. "One word before you accept that fortune. It is only fair to warn you—it is tainted!"

"Who cares?" she lisped with a callous giggle. "Nobody has to eat it!"



Professor Wagg

In front of Cobb Hall I found the students again waiting *en masse* to receive me. They clamored for a speech. I pleaded bronchitis. They besought me to stay to luncheon and sit for a portrait to be hung in the library. I expostulated that I must hurry to Washington and pay off my hired help. Finally the Glee and Mandolin Clubs, the Women's Musical Association and the Rockefeller Christian Union sped me on my way with this very sweet song:

If any Trust acquires the dust,
  We wait about a week
Then watch 'em come and give us some
  To found a chair of Greek!
Though pirate hordes with naked swords
  Demand each bright doubloon,
We do not fear the Buccaneer.
  (Our colors are Maroon!)

For it's B. A., M. A., P. D. Q.
  Brother, are you on, are you on?
To retain the combination
For a thorough education
  We're the Nephews of our Uncle John.

When Uncle Jack into the back
  Of Finance sticks a knife,
The dear old cuss is teaching us
  To lead the Higher Life.
For every time he does a crime
  That makes his conscience smart,
Then Uncle Jack trots out the sack
  And founds a School of Art.

For it's B. S., M. S., C. O. D.
  Brother, are you on, are you on?
Through the lurid fascination
Of our tainted education
  We're the Nephews of our Uncle John.

You raise a storm about Reform
  And what the rich should do:
You needn't fuss so much at us,
  For we're Reformers, too.
Behold the blocks of tainted stocks
  As dubious as night
Which, added to Chicago U.,
  Have turned to angel white!

For it's R. S. V. P., I. O. U.
  Brother, are you on, are you on?
Through our constant speculation
In the Standard Education
  We're the Nephews of our Uncle John.

When the question of publicity came up, so I am misinformed, Professor Rockefeller (who, to do him full injustice, had cornered the plant, the machinery, and had run a special pipe-line of midnight oil direct to the factory door) began to ponder. How to raise the canned goods to the dignity of news? That was the question. Then a bright, reliable employee, a junior member of the Faculty, came forward and proposed the Bureau of Sensational Discoveries, an advertising expedient which has made the Rockefeller brand of brain-food famous.

The Faculty was admitted as a body into the Bureau, which was expected to furnish a world-revolutionizing discovery at least twice a month. With the regularity of clockwork, the sensations were produced, handed over to the Press-Agent and thence to the Press. How successful this method of publicity has been the Sunday Supplement readers can attest; and the following is merely an impressionistic diagram of their first semi-annual report:

1. Professor Lobby, of the Biological Department, discovers the seed of life in a cake of yeast. Invents a machine which will hatch out babies in an ordinary bake-oven—Caucasians from white flour, Mongolians from whole wheat and piccaninnies from Boston brown bread.

2. Professor Saffron, of the Department of Physiology, discovers that Thought originates in the roots of the hair; that parting the hair on one side causes mental unbalance, and that baldheadedness is a form of kleptomania.

3. Dr. Alfonzo Wagg, of the Department of Football and Ethics, discovers that chewing-gum was used by the Spartans in the battle of Thermopylæ.

Professor Lobby

4. Professor Gasaway, of the Department of Physics, declares, in a public address, that modern sky-scrapers are elastic and, if proper force is applied, can be stretched to any desired height without any appreciable danger to the architecture.

5. Reverend Dr. Busyboy, of the Divinity School, preaches on John D. Rockefeller and the Hebrew Prophets.

6. Professor Rabbit, of the Department of Physiology, prints a pamphlet to prove that genius is a matter of nourishment, and can be cultivated by eating mushrooms.

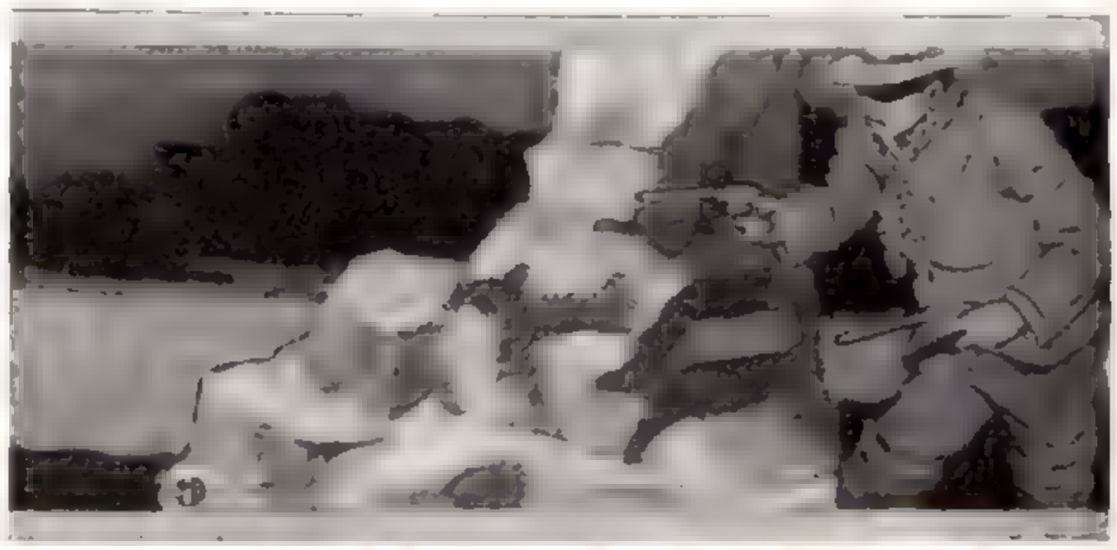
7. Professor Mildew, of the Department of Archæology, goes to Egypt and discovers on a pyramid a bas-relief representing a thousand slaves lifting an enormous stone bearing the hieroglyphic inscription: "Everybody works with the exception of Pharaoh"—proving a state of social unrest on the ancient Nile.

In these discoveries the members of the Faculty are given absolute freedom to discover anything which will not conflict with the Constitution of the United States, the Senate and Business Interests.

The students of the University of Chicago are taught such lessons, I am told, as will foster in their souls a reverence for "God, the Home and Our National Institutions." Since Our National Institutions have been absorbed into the Trust, some beautiful lessons have come forth.

There arrived from Arizona one chap whose name was Gila Bill, although he registered at the University as William W. Bledsoe, Tucson, Arizona Territory. On his home ranch, Bill had been in the habit of shooting coyotes and Mexicans from the saddle, but he settled down to mild amusement at the University, until one day some one lent him a Life of

(Concluded on Page 15)



Gathering the Gilt—à-la-Rockefeller

Players: Past and Present

By WILLIAM WINTER

Great Actress and Great Woman
CHARLOTTE CUSHMAN

Miss Charlotte Cushman

As "Mrs. Haller"

AS I WRITE the name of Charlotte Cushman the tide of time rolls backward and I am young again. That great actress dominated the American stage in the middle of the nineteenth century, and when, in memory, I summon the dramatic figures that have most deeply impressed themselves on my imagination and feelings, one of the earliest and most prominent and vital is that of the Meg Merrilies of Charlotte Cushman. It was my fortune often to see Miss Cushman on the stage before I became personally acquainted with her, and, in later times, after we had met and she had honored me with her friendship, I never neglected an opportunity of seeing and hearing her, whether as actress or reader. She was not a theatrical beauty. She neither employed, nor made pretense of employing, the soft allurements of her sex. She was incarnate power: she dominated by intrinsic authority: she was a woman born to command: and of such minds as comprehend authentic leadership she achieved immediate, complete and permanent conquest. There was, in her personality, a massive excellence that made admiration natural, and entirely justified it. She was not only a great actress, but a great woman. As such she impressed me from the first, and as such I always extolled her. One day, in Booth's Theatre, where it happened that John McCullough, Charlotte Cushman and I were standing together, in conversation, she suddenly seized my arm with her left hand, and, pointing upward with her right, she said, earnestly and simply, to McCullough: "I like William Winter, because he puts me *up*—where I belong!"

That was not said in conceit. Genius is seldom unconscious of its superiority. The poet Wordsworth believed, and did not hesitate to declare, that he had been celestially consecrated to the vocation of poetry, and that his neglect of his vocation would be a sin. "You don't know what a capital actor you are," exclaimed a friendly admirer, speaking to the comedian, Charles Burke. "You are mistaken," answered Burke; "I know precisely what a capital actor I am, and precisely what I can do." Charlotte Cushman knew her powers, and when she was on the stage she justified, to the fullest extent, the esteem in which they were held, by herself as well as by others. Human beings sometimes appear who are intrinsically great and admirable—just as the ocean is, or the starlit midnight sky. Charlotte Cushman, like Henry Irving, grandly illustrated the truth of Shakespeare's saying, "In the reproof of chance lies the true proof of men"; for she left nothing to chance, and she made impotent the caprice of all observers. You might resent her dominance, and shrink from it, calling it "masculine"; you could not doubt her massive reality, nor escape the spell of her imperial power. She was a tall woman, of large person and of commanding aspect, and in her demeanor, when she was thoroughly aroused, there was an innate grandeur of authority that no sensitive soul could resist. I recall a night, in Booth's Theatre, when she was acting Queen Katharine, in Henry VIII, and I, an auditor, was sitting, alone, in a lower box, almost on the stage. As the Queen turned to make her exit from the trial—after the heart-breaking delivery of her noble and pathetic appeal to King Henry—she advanced directly toward the box in which I sat, and, looking straight forward, regardless of all around her, seemed to fix her gaze steadfastly upon *me*. At that moment the Queen is recalled, and her attendant usher, retreating backward before her, tells her of the summons. "When *you* are called, return!" exclaims the indignant monarch. As she said those words her figure towered and her large, lurid eyes (they were gray-blue, but at times they darkened with emotion) seemed to shoot forth a burning torrent of light. She moved steadily onward—the incarnation of royalty; and so tremendous was the majesty of her presence and so awful the mingled anguish, dignity and passion in her countenance that, with involuntary motion, I fairly shrunk away to the rear of the box, overwhelmed, astounded, and quite oblivious that this was a dramatic performance and not a reality. It was a great moment. She needed great moments on the stage, and when they came she invariably filled them. It is not meant that she acted for points; her performances were always of a uniform fabric, symmetrical, coherent, lucid, distinct; but whenever the occasion arrived for liberated power, passionate feeling, poetic significance, dramatic effect, she rose to that occasion and made it superb. Nothing has been seen, since her time, to surpass her appalling impartment of predestinate evil and sinister force in the scenes that lead up to the murder of the King, in Macbeth. When she said, in those deep, thrilling, pitiless tones, "He that's coming must be provided for," and when, with wild, roving, inspired glances, comprehending earth and air, she invoked the angels of crime ("you murdering ministers, *wherever* in your sightless substances you wait on Nature's mischief"), the blood of the listener was chilled with the horror of her infernal purpose, fiend-driven and inspired of hell. There were other great moments in her personation of Lady Macbeth—a personation which, to this day, remains unequaled: among them, her profoundly reverential greeting to King Duncan on his arrival at the Castle of Inverness; her magnificently royal bearing in the interrupted banquet scene; her desolation—the immedicable, hopeless agony of a lost soul—in the pathetic scene of haunted sleep; but throughout her temptation of Macbeth and in her conduct of the murder she diffused, as no other representative of the part in our time has done, the awe-inspiring, preternatural horror which is the spirit of that great tragedy—the most weird, portentous, sinister, afflicting work of poetic imagination that the brain of man has produced.

Miss Cushman was not prone to the critical custom, so common of late years, of refining on Shakespeare's meaning, and thus reading subtle significations into his text. She perceived and imparted the obvious meaning, and her style was strong, definite, bold and free: for that reason some observers described it as "melo-dramatic." She did not make long pauses and stare fixedly at nothing, as Madame Sarah Bernhardt does; nor did she wander to the back drop and whisper to the scenery, after the manner (supposedly inspired) of Madame Eleanora Duse. She had always a distinct purpose, and that purpose she distinctly executed. Addressing Edwin Booth, when they were rehearsing Macbeth, she said: "Your performance is exceedingly interesting, but Macbeth was the great-grandfather of all the Bowery ruffians." Booth's ideal of Macbeth—which, to *me*, was true—seemed to impress *her* as neither sufficiently massive nor sufficiently simple. A man who invites a friend to sleep at his house, and, after his confiding guest has gone to repose, steals into his chamber and cuts his throat, is an atrocious murderer; and, probably, she desired, first of all, the clear denotement of that basic truth. *Impersonation* was the primary fact for which she stipulated and at which she aimed. "The actors who come on for Macbeth," she once said to me, "are, usually, such *little* men: I have to look down at them." She meant, as I understood her, that they were not only of small stature, but that their presentment of that great part was, to her apprehension, puny. But, though she insisted on the basis of fact in acting, she was not mindless of the essential spirit of poetry. In each of her supreme performances—which were Lady Macbeth, Queen Katharine and Meg Merrilies—that spirit suffused the impersonation and made it radiant with intrinsic light. The part that she preferred to act was Queen Katharine; for she was of a deeply sympathetic temperament, and the tender human feeling, the pathos, and the woman-like loveliness of that character touched her heart and aroused all the enthusiasm of her moral nature; but, potent as she was in the realm of feeling, she was still more potent in the realm of imagination; and to my remembrance her Meg Merrilies, while not the highest ideal of human nature to which she gave an embodiment, was the one achievement that immediately and wholly revealed her distinctive, unique individualism. She first acted that part in 1837, when she was only twenty-one years old, but she always retained it in her repertory. She was higher, broader, larger, stronger than the part; she descended upon it; she acted it with consummate ease and fluency; she loosed into it a frenzy of the imagination, the nervous system, and the physical energies, blending poetic stress of feeling with a cumulative continuity of action, like the wild sweep of the tempest; and thus she made it magnificent and irresistible. The character, as drawn by Sir Walter Scott, in his novel of Guy Mannering, is somewhat fantastic and a little touched with insanity. The actress made it consistently superior and romantic, investing it with the fanatical purpose of his Magdalen Graeme, in The Abbot, together with the inspirational emotion and prophetic grandeur of his Norna, in The Pirate. The attributes of Miss Cushman's performance were romance, tenderness, pathos, profound knowledge of grief, and the authentic royalty of innate power. It was a creation of wild excitement, wavering reason and physical misery, incident upon frequent famine and years of habitual hardship, the compulsory recollection of a terrible crime committed by others, lonely communing with the haunting mysteries of Nature, and a rooted devotion to one purpose of sacred duty and love. At the moment, in the play, when Meg Merrilies encounters Bertram in the gipsy camp, at night, Miss Cushman made an entrance of felicitous dexterity and startling effect—thrusting back the fold of a tent and suddenly projecting herself from the aperture, but doing this in such a manner that she occupied exactly her right place in the dusky, romantic stage picture, before any except an expert observer could discern whence she came or how she got there; and the figure that she then presented—gaunt, haggard, disheveled, piteous and yet majestic—a veritable incarnation of all that is ominous, fateful and strangely beautiful—was a vision to register itself at once in the memory and there to remain forever. It was in that scene that she crooned the lullaby of the Bertrams of Ellangowan; and human ears have not heard a more touching cadence than when her voice trembled and broke in that simple, tender, fitful melody.

Charlotte Cushman could be playful, and sometimes was so—as when she read, with abundant comic effect, Mrs. M. M. Dodge's skit called Miss Maloney on the Chinese Question; but, notwithstanding her sense of humor, her simplicity could, sometimes, be drolly mystified. Circumstances that attended her final farewell of the New York stage, in 1874, afford an example. The performance and the ceremonies incident to that farewell occurred at Booth's Theatre, then managed by Messrs. H. C. Jarrett and H. D. Palmer, whose business representative was Joseph H. Tooker,

As "Meg Merrilies"

As "Lady Macbeth"

brother-in-law of Florence, the comedian, and, I believe, one of the "braves" of Tammany Hall. It was from Mr. Tooker that I received an account of a preliminary conversation between H. D. Palmer and Charlotte Cushman, which took place in his presence, and which I then recorded:

"I see that you have announced my farewell appearance, Mr. Palmer," said the actress. "I did not quite intend that, at this time. I shall not at once retire."

"The announcement is only of your farewell appearance in New York, Miss Cushman," answered Palmer. "The public will be deeply interested. There will be a splendid house; and, you know, you are not obliged to make it *final*."

"That makes a difference, of course. But this is a very serious matter. What are you going to do for *me*?"

"R. H. Stoddard, the poet, is to write an ode for the occasion, which will be read on the stage after the performance; and we shall engage the fine elocutionist, Charles Roberts, Jr., to read it."

"A good plan. Mr. Stoddard is truly a poet. I am not acquainted with the reading of Mr. Roberts. But it is a good plan."

"The venerable William Cullen Bryant has consented to deliver an address, in behalf of the Arcadian Club, which, you know, is made up of clever men."

"I shall, indeed, be honored. Mr. Bryant is a great poet. But—what are you going to do for *me*?"

"The Arcadian Club will send a laurel crown, to be presented to you on the stage, and we shall ask all the actors who happen to be in the city to assemble around you. Boucicault and Jefferson will be there, and Wallack, and Gilbert, and many others."

"Yes; but——"

"And then, of course, *you* will deliver a speech."

"I suppose so. It would be expected. But what——"

"Two hundred members of the Arcadian Club, with lighted torches, will escort you, attending your carriage, from the theatre to the Fifth Avenue Hotel, and there will be a band of musicians of the Ninth Regiment of the New York Militia."

"They are indeed kind, those gentlemen. It will be very pleasant. But, my dear Mr. Palmer, what are you going to do for *me*?"

"And after you reach your hotel you will take your stand on the balcony, where we shall be with you, and there will be a magnificent display of fireworks in the Madison Square Park in your honor."

"That will be fine. I like the fireworks. But, Mr. Palmer—*what* are you going to do for *ME*?"

"Well, Miss Cushman, we are going to give you $1000 *extra for that night*."

"Noble boy! Noble boy!!"

The play was Macbeth. George Vandenhoff acted Macbeth. Miss Cushman acted Lady Macbeth. As I entered the theatre Mr. Tooker gave to me a packet containing the program, the ode, the address, and Miss Cushman's "impromptu" farewell speech, already printed—a complete and interesting record of the whole brilliant occasion. The house was crowded. The acting, in the chief parts, was excellent. They dropped the green curtain after the famous sleep-walking scene—to the disgust of Mr. Vandenhoff, who was thus deprived of some of Macbeth's fine speeches, his fight, and his death—but presently they raised it again, to disclose a stage populous with actors, and Miss Cushman in a gray silk dress, and the venerable Bryant, and everything as promised. The great actress spoke with much feeling—from memory; but she somewhat dashed the grief of her auditors by assuring them of her purpose to return to the stage, as a reader, at no distant day. Late that night I saw and spoke with Mr. Tooker. "We had the procession, too," he said. "We hired supers to carry the 'Arcadian' torches. Miss Cushman was delighted. The fireworks were great. They were a lot left over from a Tammany celebration, and they cost us little or nothing. The last piece was a mammoth portrait bust. 'Mr. Tooker,' she said, 'who is that?' 'Miss Cushman,' I replied, 'that is *Shakespeare*.' 'Splendid!' she exclaimed. . . . It was a colossal head of old Boss Tweed!"

The period of a generation has elapsed since Charlotte Cushman died. If she were still living she would be ninety years old. Her life extended from 1816 to 1876. She was on the stage, intermittently, for about forty years: 1835 to 1875. As a girl she studied music, and it was intended that her career should be that of a singer. She early attracted the favorable notice of the accomplished, beautiful and celebrated vocalist, Mrs. Mary Anne Wood, and she was taught by James G. Maeder, whom I remember as an excellent musician and a most amiable man—the husband of Clara Fisher, that prodigy of talent and fascination, extraordinary both as singer and actress. She appeared at the old Tremont Theatre in Boston, as Countess Almaviva, in The Marriage of Figaro, and her vocalism was highly approved; but an injudicious use of her voice marred that organ for singing, and so she determined to become an actress. The injury to her voice, not such as impaired it for speaking, occurred at New Orleans, whither she had gone with Mr. and Mrs. Maeder. Caldwell, the pioneer of theatrical enterprise in the southwestern part of the Republic, was then the manager of the chief theatre there, and by him an opportunity was provided for her to act. She appeared as Lady Macbeth, thus beginning at the top (as, long afterward, she advised the beautiful and brilliant actress, Mary Anderson, to do), but she soon became associated with stock companies in Eastern theatres, and in that way she acquired proficiency in her art. She had seen Cooper and Mrs. Powell—actors who maintained the tradition of the stately Kembles—and she had, insensibly, acquired something of the majestic Kemble style. In the famous old Park Theatre, in New York, she was associated with Mrs. Richardson (Elizabeth Jefferson, aunt of Joseph Jefferson), and from that polished actress she obtained knowledge of a remarkably fine artistic method. There, likewise, she acted with Macready and gained the approbation of that great tragedian. In her twenty-ninth year she acted in London, making a prodigious hit as Bianca, in Fazio; and thereafter her ascendency in the public esteem speedily became assured on both sides of the ocean. Her subsequent career was divided between America and Europe. At the age of thirty-six she first announced her purpose to leave the stage, but she did not retire till many years later; and, after she ceased to act, she continued to appear as a reader—her last public appearance having been made, in 1875, at Easton, Pennsylvania.

As "Romeo"

In social hours Miss Cushman, while never undignified, was eager, genial, cordial, sometimes even frolicsome; never pompous, never dull. In mixed companies composed of strangers or casual acquaintances, when, as often happened, she was the centre of attention, she was careful without the least ostentation of courtesy, to notice every person present, and she had the delightful tact of saying the right word at the right time. It happened to me to witness the first meeting that ever took place between Miss Cushman and the eccentric sage, Horace Greeley, and I remember that she was especially felicitous in the compliment that she paid to him—expressing the artist's thankful sense of security when great intellects are devoted to the practical affairs of the world. That meeting occurred at the home of Mr. Greeley's sister, Mrs. Cleveland, in a cottage in one of the roads that branch from Bleecker Street, west of Broadway, New York. Mr. Greeley arrived early, and seated himself on a sofa, confronting a throng of admirers. Miss Cushman presently came, and, after the ripples of greeting had subsided, she occupied a chair opposite to the philosopher. The lions viewed each other with curiosity, and both were affable. They had both lived in Rome, and, of course, they did not lack for themes of conversation. Little was said about the stage; though I remember that there was mention of the celestial privilege enjoyed by an actor, when occupied in the interpretation of the Immortal Bard. To me that encounter was not without its droll side, for I knew that the sage was comparatively ignorant of the theatre, and practically indifferent to it. Early in 1865, when I was employed to write about the stage for his paper, the New York Tribune, Horace Greeley said to me: "I don't care for the the-ay-ter" (so he pronounced it); "I sometimes go into Wallack's the-ay-ter, but I don't see much in it"; and I remember that once, on a busy night in the newspaper, when I presented an article about the play, his self-illuminative answer was: "Oh, *that'll* do *any* time." He was "a self-made man"; and one peculiarity of men so constructed is that they look with a kind of bland toleration upon the arts. But Horace Greeley was a man of brains; he could appreciate a splendid character; and he appreciated Charlotte Cushman.

The alluring attribute in Miss Cushman was originality. She was not like other people, whether as woman or actress. On the stage her demeanor and speech had always the superiority and charm of a distinctive style. Every performance that she gave was studded with jewels of illuminative art. When, as Lady Macbeth, she had reached the door of the King's chamber, grasping the gory

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The Lions Viewed Each Other with Curiosity, and Both were Affable

The Chase of the Golden Plate

The Girl and the Plate

By Jacques Futrelle

"A Single Drop on a Small Piece of Glass Will Do Very Nicely"

VIII

ALONE in her room, with the key turned in the lock, Miss Dollie Meredith had a perfectly delightful time. She wept and laughed and sobbed and shuddered; she was pensive and doleful and happy and melancholy; she dreamed dreams of the future, past and present; she sang foolish little ecstatic songs and cried again copiously. Her father had sent her to her room with a stern reprimand, and she giggled joyously as she remembered it.

"After all, it wasn't anything," she assured herself. "It was silly for him to—to take the stuff, of course, but it's back now, and he told me the truth, and he intended to return it, anyway." In her present mood she would have justified anything. "And he's not a thief or anything. I don't suppose father will ever give his consent; so, after all, we'll have to elope, and that will be—perfectly delightful. Papa will go on dreadfully, and then he'll be all right."

After a while Dollie snuggled down in the sheets and lay quite still in the dark until sleep overtook her. Silence reigned in the house. It was about two o'clock in the morning when she sat up suddenly in bed with startled eyes. She had heard something—or rather in her sleep she had received the impression of hearing something. She listened intently as she peered about.

Finally she *did* hear something—something tap sharply on the window once. Then came silence again. A frightened chill ran all the way down to Dollie's curling pink toes. There was a pause, and then again came the sharp click, whereupon Dollie pattered out of bed and ran to the window, which was open a few inches.

With the greatest caution, she peered out. Vaguely skulking in the shadows below she made out the figure of a man. As she looked it seemed to draw up into a knot, then straighten out quickly. Involuntarily she dodged. There came another sharp click at the window. The man below was tossing pebbles against the pane with the obvious purpose of attracting her attention.

"Dick, is that you?" she called cautiously.

"Sh-h-h-h!" came the answer. "Here's a note for you. Open the window so I may throw it in."

"Is it really and truly you?" Dollie insisted.

"Yes," came the hurried, whispered answer. "Quick, some one is coming!"

Dollie threw the sash up and stepped back. A whirling, white object came through and fell noiselessly on the carpet. Dollie seized upon it eagerly and ran to the window again. Below she saw the retreating figure of a man. Other footsteps materialized in a bulky policeman, who strolled by, seeking, perhaps, a quiet spot for a nap.

Shivering with excitement, Dollie closed the window and pulled down the shade, after which she lighted the gas. She opened the note eagerly and sat down upon the floor to read it. Now, a large part of this note was extraneous verbiage of a superlative emotional nature—its vital importance was an outline of a new plan of elopement, to take place on Wednesday in time for them to catch a European-bound steamer at half-past two in the afternoon.

Dollie read and reread the crumpled sheet many times, and when finally its wording had been indelibly fixed in her mind she wasted an unbelievable number of kisses on it. Of course, this was sheer extravagance.

"He's the dearest thing in the world!" she declared.

She burned the note reluctantly and carefully disposed of the ashes by throwing them out of the window, after which she returned to her bed. On the following morning, Monday, father glared at daughter sternly as she demurely entered the breakfast-room. He was seeking to read that which no man has ever been able to read—a woman's face. Dollie smiled upon him charmingly.

After breakfast father and daughter had a little talk in a sunny corner of the library.

"I have planned for us to return to Baltimore on next Thursday," he informed her.

"Oh, isn't that delightful?" beamed Dollie.

"In view of everything and your broken promise to me—the promise not to see Herbert again—I think it wisest," he continued.

"Perhaps it is," she mused.

"Why did you see him?" he demanded.

"I consented to see him only to bid him good-by," replied Dollie demurely, "and to make perfectly clear to him my position in this matter."

Oh, woman! Perfidious, insincere, loyal, charming woman! All the tangled skeins of life are the work of your fingers. All the sins and sorrows are your doing!

Mr. Meredith rubbed his chin thoughtfully.

"You may take it as my wish—my order even," he said as he cleared his throat—for giving orders to Dollie was a dangerous experiment—"that you must not attempt to communicate in any way with Mr. Herbert again—by letter or otherwise."

"Yes, papa."

Mr. Meredith was somewhat surprised at the ease with which he got away with this. Had he been blessed with a little more wisdom in the ways of women he would have been suspicious.

"You really do not love him, anyway," he ventured at last. "It was only a girlish infatuation"

"I told him yesterday just what I thought of him," she replied truthfully enough.

And thus the interview ended.

It was about noon that day when Hutchinson Hatch called on Dick Herbert.

"Well, what did you find out?" he inquired.

"Really, old man," said Dick kindly, "I have decided that there is nothing I can say to you about the matter. It's a private affair, after all."

"Yes, I know that and you know that, but the police don't know it," commented the reporter grimly.

"The police!" Dick smiled.

"Did you see her?" Hatch asked.

"Yes, I saw her—and her father, too."

Hatch saw the one door by which he had hoped to solve the riddle closing on him.

"Was Miss Meredith the girl in the automobile?"

"Really, I won't answer that."

"Are you the man who stole the gold plate?"

"I won't answer that, either," replied Dick smilingly. "Now, look here, Hatch, you're a good fellow. I like you. It is your business to find out things, but, in this particular affair, I'm going to make it my business to keep you from finding out things. I'll risk the police end of it." He went over and shook hands with the reporter cordially. "Believe me, if I told you the absolute truth—all of it—you couldn't print it unless—unless I was arrested, and I don't intend that that shall happen."

Hatch went away.

. . . . . .

That night the Randolph gold plate was stolen for the second time. Thirty-six hours later Detective Mallory arrested Richard Herbert with the stolen plate in his possession. Dick burst out laughing when the detective walked in on him.

THE THINKING MACHINE—I

PROFESSOR Augustus S. F. X. Van Dusen, Ph. D., LL. D., F. R. S., M. D., etc., etc., was the Court of Last Appeal in the sciences. He was five feet two inches tall, weighed 107 pounds, that being slightly above normal, and wore a number eight hat. Bushy, yellow hair straggled down about his ears and partially framed a clean-shaven, wizened face in which were combined the paradoxical qualities of extreme aggressiveness and childish petulance. The mouth drooped a little at the corners, being otherwise a straight line; the eyes were mere slits of blue, squinting eternally through thick spectacles. His brow rose straight up, domelike, majestic even, and added a whimsical grotesqueness to his appearance.

The Professor's idea of light literature, for rare moments of recreation, was page after page of encyclopædic discussion on "ologies" and "isms" with lots of figures in 'em. Sometimes he wrote these discussions himself and frequently held them up to annihilation. His usual speaking tone was one of deep annoyance, and he had an unwavering glare that went straight through one. He was the son of the son of an eminent German scientist, the logical production of a house that had borne a distinguished name in the sciences for generations.

Thirty-five of his fifty years had been devoted to logic, study, analysis of cause and effect, material and psychological. By his personal efforts he had mercilessly flattened out and readjusted at least two of the exact sciences and had added immeasurably to the world's sum of knowledge in others.

Once he had held the chair of philosophy in a great university, but casually one day he promulgated a thesis that knocked the faculty's eye out and he was invited to vacate. It was a dozen years later that that university had openly resorted to influence and diplomacy to induce him to accept its LL. D.

For years foreign and American institutions, educational, scientific and otherwise, crowded degrees upon him. He didn't care. He started fires with the elaborately formal notifications of these unsought honors and turned again to his work in the small laboratory which was a part of his modest home. There he lived, practically a recluse, his simple wants being attended to by one aged servant, Martha.

This, then, was The Thinking Machine. This last title, The Thinking Machine, perhaps more expressive of the real man than a yard of honorary initials, was coined by Hutchinson Hatch at the time of the scientist's defeat of a chess champion after a single morning's instruction in the game. The Thinking Machine had asserted that logic was inevitable, and that game had proven his assertion. Afterward there had grown up a strange sort of friendship between the crabbed scientist and the reporter. Hatch, to the scientist, represented the great, whirling outside world; to the reporter the scientist was merely a brain—a marvelously keen, penetrating, infallible guide through

"He's the Dearest Thing in the World!"

material muddles far removed from the delicately precise labors of the laboratory.

Now The Thinking Machine sat in a huge chair in his reception-room with long, slender fingers pressed tip to tip and squint eyes turned upward. Hatch was talking, had been talking for more than an hour with infrequent interruptions. In that time he had laid bare the facts as he and the police knew them from the incidents of the masked ball at Seven Oaks to the return of Dollie Meredith.

"Now, Mr. Hatch," asked The Thinking Machine, "just what is known of this second theft of the gold plate?"

"It's simple enough," explained the reporter. "It was plain burglary. Some person entered the Randolph house on Monday night by cutting out a pane of glass and unfastening a window-latch. Whoever it was took the plate and escaped. That's all any one knows of it."

"Left no clew, of course?"

"No, so far as has been found."

"I presume that, on its return by express, Mr. Randolph ordered the plate placed in the small room as before?"

"Yes."

"He's a fool."

"Yes."

"Please go on."

"Now the police absolutely decline to say as yet just what evidence they have against Herbert beyond the finding of the plate in his possession," the reporter resumed, "though, of course, that's enough and to spare. They will not say, either, how they first came to connect him with the affair. Detective Mallory doesn't——"

"When and where was Mr. Herbert arrested?"

"Yesterday, Tuesday, afternoon in his rooms. Fourteen pieces of the gold plate were on the table."

The Thinking Machine dropped his eyes a moment to squint at the reporter.

"Only eleven pieces of the plate were first stolen, you said?"

"Only eleven, yes."

"And I think you said two shots were fired at the thief?"

"Yes."

"Who fired them, please?"

"One of the detectives—Cunningham, I think."

"It was a detective—you know that?"

"Yes, I know that."

"Yes, yes. Please go on."

"The plate was all spread out—there was no attempt to conceal it," Hatch resumed. "There was a box on the floor and Herbert was about to pack the stuff in it when Detective Mallory and two of his men entered. Herbert's servant, Blair, was away from the house at the time. His people are up in Nova Scotia, so he was alone."

"Nothing but the gold plate was found?"

"Oh, yes!" exclaimed the reporter. "There was a lot of jewelry in a case and fifteen or twenty odd pieces—fifty thousand dollars' worth of stuff, at least. The police took it to find the owners."

"Dear me! Dear me!" exclaimed The Thinking Machine. "Why didn't you mention the jewelry at first? Wait a minute."

Hatch was silent while the scientist continued to squint at the ceiling. The reporter wriggled in his chair uncomfortably, but finally The Thinking Machine nodded.

"That's all I know," said Hatch.

"Did Mr. Herbert say anything when arrested?"

"No, he only laughed. I don't know why. I don't imagine it would have been at all funny to me."

"Has he said anything since?"

"No, nothing to me or anybody else. He was arraigned at a preliminary hearing, pleaded not guilty and was released on twenty thousand dollars bail."

"Did he give any reason for his refusal to say anything?" insisted The Thinking Machine testily.

"He remarked to me that he wouldn't say anything because, even if he told the whole truth, no one would believe him."

"If it should have been a protestation of innocence I'm afraid nobody *would* have believed him," commented the scientist enigmatically. He was silent for several minutes. "It could have been a brother, of course," he mused.

"A brother?" asked Hatch quickly. "Whose brother? What brother?"

"As I understand it," the scientist went on, not heeding the question, "you did not believe Herbert guilty of the first theft?"

"Why, I couldn't," Hatch protested. "I couldn't."

"Why?"

"Well, because—because he's not that sort of man," explained the reporter. "I've known him for years, personally and by reputation."

"Was he a particular friend of yours in college?"

"You Really Do Not Love Him, Anyway"

"No, not an intimate; but he was in my class—and he's a whacking, jam-up, ace-high, football player." That squared everything.

"Do you now believe him guilty?" insisted the scientist.

"I can't believe anything else—and yet I'd stake my life on his honesty."

"And Miss Meredith?"

The reporter was reaching the explosive point. He had seen and talked to Miss Meredith, you know.

"It's perfectly asinine to suppose that *she* had anything to do with either theft, don't you think?"

The Thinking Machine was silent on that point.

"Well, Mr. Hatch," he said finally, "the problem comes down to this: Did a man, and perhaps a woman, who are circumstantially proven guilty of stealing the gold plate, *actually* steal it? We have the stained cushion of the automobile in which the thieves escaped to indicate that one of them was wounded; we have Mr. Herbert with an injured right shoulder—a hurt received that night on his own statement, though he won't say how. We have, then, the second theft and the finding of the stolen property in his possession along with another lot of stolen stuff—jewels. It is apparently a settled case now without going further."

"But——" Hatch started to protest.

"But suppose we do go a little further," The Thinking Machine went on. "I can prove definitely, conclusively, and finally by settling only two points whether or not Mr. Herbert was wounded while in the automobile. If he was wounded while in that automobile he was the first thief; if not, he wasn't. If he was the first thief he was probably the second, but even if he were not the first thief there is, of course, a possibility that he was the second."

Hatch was listening with mouth open.

"Suppose we begin now," continued The Thinking Machine, "by finding out the name of the physician who treated Mr. Herbert's wound last Thursday night. Mr. Herbert may have a reason for keeping the identity of this physician secret, but, perhaps—wait a minute," and the scientist disappeared into the next room. He was gone for five minutes. "See if the physician who treated the wound wasn't Dr. Clarence Walpole."

The reporter blinked a little.

"Right," he said. "What next?"

"Ask him something about the nature of the wound and all the usual questions."

Hatch nodded.

"Then," resumed The Thinking Machine casually, "bring me some of Mr. Herbert's blood."

The reporter blinked a good deal, and gulped twice.

"How much?" he inquired briskly

"A single drop on a small piece of glass will do very nicely," replied the scientist.

II

THE Supreme Police Intelligence of the Metropolitan District was doing some heavy thinking, which, modestly enough, bore generally on his own dazzling perspicacity. Just at the moment he couldn't recall any detector of crime whose lustre in any way dimmed his own, or whose mere shadow, even, had a right to fall on the same earth as his; and this lapse of memory so stimulated his admiration for the subject of his thoughts that he lighted a fresh cigar and put his feet in the middle of the desk.

He sat thus when The Thinking Machine called. The Supreme Intelligence—Mr. Mallory—knew Professor Van Dusen well, and, though he received his visitor graciously, he showed no difficulty in restraining any undue outburst of enthusiasm. Instead, the same admirable self-control which prevented him from outwardly evidencing his pleasure prompted him to square back in his chair with a touch of patronizing aggressiveness in his manner.

"Ah, Professor," was his non-committal greeting.

"Good-evening, Mr. Mallory," responded the scientist in the thin, irritated voice which always set Mr. Mallory's nerves a-jangle. "I don't suppose you would tell me by what steps you were led to arrest Mr. Herbert?"

"I would not," declared Mr. Mallory promptly.

"No; nor would you inform me of the nature of the evidence against him in addition to the jewels and plate found in his possession?"

"I would not," replied Mr. Mallory again.

"No, I thought perhaps you would not," remarked The Thinking Machine. "I understand, by the way, that one of your men took a leather cushion from the automobile in which the thieves escaped on the night of the ball?"

"Well, what of it?" demanded the detective.

"I merely wanted to inquire if it would be permissible for me to see that cushion?"

(Continued on Page 21)

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Our Timid Colleges

AFTER all the fuss last year about football and intercollegiate athletics in general, the colleges have settled down to the old state of things in athletics, with a few more "reforms in the rules." The truth is that the college faculties do not dare to make drastic reforms in the face of the sentiment for athletics among graduates and undergraduates. Each institution is afraid of "losing support"—and the same timidity has always prevented them from interfering with the college fraternity system, though in some ways the fraternity is a feature of more than doubtful value in American colleges.

The "frat" is not just a club—it is a club and something more; and this secret society with its initiations, which are often harmful and always foolish, is silly, and worse than silly—frequently vicious. Boys of college age might be expected to be above the childish desire to wear a pin with Greek letters, indulge in "grips," and cherish "secrets." Yet, if this were all the harm in the fraternity system, it would be nothing more than an extension of boyish habits into early manhood. But the secret society idea is essentially undemocratic, un-American and snobbish, and, wherever it gets a strong hold, it ruins the general social life of the college by dividing the community into cliques that try to "run things" with a cheap imitation of political methods.

The prime object of the fraternity seems to be to create an aristocracy—to separate the chosen from the outsiders, or "barbs." Of course, the chosen come to regard themselves as the natural leaders, solely fit to control college "society." And sometimes, when the fraternity falls into the hands of a bad crowd, the fraternity-house becomes a den of youthful dissipation, hard to suppress because of the "loyalty" of fraternity members. And now, from the college, the fraternity is being introduced in a baby-form into high schools, so that boys in their early teens are getting together in "houses" to smoke cigarettes and indulge in fraternity "secrets."

College faculties should acquire enough sand to suppress bad fraternities and discourage the clique idea in all its forms. One of their jobs, the most important one, is to make men of the youth intrusted to them.

The Commoner

THOSE critics lose their labor who pick economic flaws in Mr. Bryan's Madison Square Garden speech. Flaws are there. But what of that? Mr. Bryan made his first campaign upon an economic hypothesis which was false. Time demonstrated its falsity. But he stuck to it in his second campaign. Twice defeated for the Presidency, the party which embraces nearly half the electorate follows him rather more unitedly than ever before. His great appeal is to a feeling

We hardly see how he is going to have the Federal Government own the trunk railroads, but preserve the States from further decline by having them own the branch lines, when practically all the railroad mileage in the country is already cast in some half-dozen great trunk systems. We are at a loss to know how he will compel business to compete, when it is determined not to compete. But what of that?

Skip all the mere details in his speech and turn to the peroration, beginning, "Plutocracy is abhorrent to a republic; it is more despotic than monarchy, more heartless than aristocracy, more selfish than bureaucracy; it preys upon the nation in time of peace and conspires against it in its hour of calamity." Because they are convinced that Bryan passionately believes this; because they think we are in danger of becoming a plutocracy; because his feeling against rapacity and for the common man corresponds to their aspiration, Democrats will cheer for him and vote for him.

Probably many of his followers do not believe that he will do it in just the way he now thinks he will; but they bank on his will to use all the power that comes into his hands to do it howsoever he can. His position to-day is a tremendous compliment to his sincerity.

The Farmer and the Motor-Car

SIXTY-FIVE farmers of an Indiana county have petitioned for license to carry arms, representing that their lives and those of their wives and children are constantly in danger from reckless automobile drivers. In other localities the gentle idea of discouraging inconsiderate autoists by taking a pot-shot at them has made some progress in the rural mind. Along all main-traveled roads the rushing motor-car presents an agricultural problem of large and rapidly-growing importance.

The horse, that mainstay of the farmer, is unfortunately a creature of the poorest mental capacity. A harmless ash-barrel, a bit of paper floating in the breeze, the timidly skurrying squirrel, the flustered hen—in fact, almost every object, except oats, that meets his vision is, by his rudimentary brain, transformed into a horrible menace to his well-being. Probably it will require generations of patient training—with how many million broken whiffletrees, upset wagons and exasperated drivers!—to educate him out of the misconception that automobiles eat horses raw. Thus, for a long time, with the most considerate handling, the auto is bound to be a heavy affliction to the farmer.

Most autoists realize it, for most of them are gentle, civilized men and women. There are some, however, who run their machines in the face of a frightened team with all that delicate consideration of others which is observed in a drove of swine that scents the succulent swill as it is poured into the trough. What to do with them is a baffling question. For obvious social and moral reasons, we cannot approve pot-shotting them. Various legal devices of licenses and speed regulations have, so far, made only an indifferent impression upon them. We may think it would be pleasanter if it were so ordered that every new instrumentality of power which comes into the world were accompanied by an effective ring for the snout of those who will seek to abuse it. In fact, however, finding the ring is always a matter of long and painful endeavor.

A National Coffee Corner

FOR some time Brazil has been distressed over the state of the coffee market. Under free play of competition prices have fallen, as usual, to a point that leaves no profit. If Brazil were the United States the difficulty could easily be solved. Some able captain of industry would subdue the competition by organizing the coffee planters into a trust, and the General Government would solemnly pass a law forbidding that restraint of trade. The law would not be enforced, the trust would crack up prices to a profitable level and the trouble would be ended.

But Brazil lacks our financial equipment. She seems to have no captains of a size commensurate with the job. Coffee is her chief product. Its prostration threatens the commonwealth. So the Government itself proposes to step in. The three leading coffee states are authorized to negotiate a loan of £15,000,000, with the proceeds of which the Government proposes to take control of the market, maintaining a minimum price for a series of years, at the same time prohibiting any extension of the area planted.

There may be difficulty in negotiating the loan, or for other reasons this proposal for a national corner of the coffee market may fail. But the plan is an interesting incident of the universal effort to throttle competition—that alleged "life of trade," which trade everywhere is doing its best to get rid of for self-preservation. The Brazilian recognition of the present-day fact is, also, in interesting contrast to the body of our own foolish and ineffectual laws, against any sort of combination to subdue competition.

Pipe Dreams

MR. UPTON SINCLAIR has turned from his epic of hogs to preaching community life. He has a Utopian scheme whereby we may all live in the beautiful country, not more than an hour's ride from New York, and have all the comforts of plutocrats, for about twenty-five hundred dollars a year. He is sure that a suitable tract of land could be found where every member of the community might have his own roof, a shade-tree or two, and plenty of play-ground for the children. There would be a coöperative eating establishment where the most aseptic and sanitary food would be prepared by hygienic experts and served by refined socialistic laborers. The packing-plant, of course, would receive the personal supervision of the author of The Jungle, and the children would be handled coöperatively by scientifically-trained kindergartners and nurses. Incidentally, there would be a public bus-service to take the members to and from their meals. And there would be libraries, laboratories, amusement-halls and other extras. All this, Mr. Sinclair figures out, could be had at a ridiculously low figure compared with the price of such luxuries in the Philistine capitalistic world. He admits candidly that the community would need the services of various "experts" to manage the coöperative plants.

The coöperative community is not a new idea by any means: there have been several hundred of them in different parts of America, from Brook Farm down. And they have all failed to compete successfully with the outside world, which is run on the sordid basis of profit and loss. The "experts" competent to run successfully the hotels, electric-light plants, packing-houses and livery-stables are hard to find and high-priced. They do not always succeed even when encouraged by ignoble bribes of large profits. Mr. Sinclair may be glad, after some experience with his community, to turn over his industries to the despised capitalist and pay the fee demanded by him and the vampire middleman—for the sake of their efficient service. There are many other rocks in the course. Perhaps the largest one is the women. Will they be willing to agree upon what is good food and good service, and live amicably with the refined socialistic laborers? Will they approve of the kindergartners and nurses that little Johnny and sister Sue are to be delivered over to? We guess not.

In fact, woman is the greatest problem on the socialist's program. Any one who has observed the tactics of the average summer girl, and seen how skillfully she makes the male work for her while she sits in the hammock and keeps cool, becomes completely skeptical about the practice of socialism. Woman generally believes in the privileged classes—only she wants to belong.

Easy Swindling

ANOTHER Mexican plantation swindle has been disclosed. It sold stock by public subscription, and paid dividends out of capital so long as the catch of suckers continued satisfactory—then "failed." The loot is estimated at half a million or so.

Every city maintains, at large expense, a staff of detectives who devote a good deal of time to discovering poor, inept and comparatively harmless little swindlers that set up three-card-monte games in back rooms and now and then sell a gold brick to an innocent farmer. Uncle Sam spends a deal of money running down fraudulent uses of the mails—after the frauds have been in operation long enough to accumulate an important and clamorous body of victims. And while this stern-chasing is going on, hardly a day passes without a newspaper advertisement—often a whole page—of some swindle as open as daylight, as gross and palpable as a mountain; some plantation or mine or weirdly novel transportation scheme which by the egregious profits that it promises subscribers to its stock plainly brands itself as a fraud. The police never think of interfering. Uncle Sam carries the bait to the victims and politely brings back the loot, if postage is prepaid.

We venture a conservative estimate that if the postal authorities and the metropolitan police departments would read all financial advertisements in the newspapers and take intelligent action where it was evidently needed, several million dollars a year might be preserved from predatory hands.

Debauching Pity

NIETZSCHE opined—among other disagreeable things—that the modern world would be destroyed by pity. Certainly it is very pitiful. There is scarcely a murder case, no matter how revolting, in which the prisoner lacks human champions. A tinge of romance—as when a woman kills a man who has injured her—will move the jury to clemency in about eight cases out of ten. Press dispatches say that fifty condemned murderers lie in Kansas prisons because the Governor, from humane motives, will not sign the death-warrants which the law requires as a precedent to their execution. In most States there is a propaganda in favor of abolishing capital punishment.

We are strongly inclined to pity—when the shock of the crime has passed and we are away from the scene thereof. Then, some day, a murder is committed under our eyes, and our pity operates overwhelmingly on the other side—that is, on the side of the victim. We recall that many other murderers have escaped death, and impulsively lynch this one—or, it may be, merely an innocent suspect. The system does not work as even-handedly as might be desired. If we are losing the stomach to enforce capital-punishment laws, yet cannot bring ourselves to repeal them for fear of encouraging homicide, perhaps the next best thing is to save up condemned murderers until something inflames a mob to the lynching point.

WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

SERIOUS & FRIVOLOUS FACTS ABOUT THE GREAT & THE NEAR GREAT

Charles A. Towne

A Willing Worker

RECENTLY there came throbbing over the wires, into every port of political call, the aeolian voice of Charles Arnette Towne proclaiming he would consent to be nominated for Vice-President on the ticket with William Jennings Bryan. The people heard the silver cadences of that voice and were glad. The people heard and wondered at the self-abasement, the elimination of the greater ambition, the modesty of the pronouncement—heard and wondered, but still were glad, for the Union must and shall be preserved, and Towne is there, ready to help the good work along.

Consent is but a feeble word. Condescend would be better. It is better. Charles Arnette Towne will condescend to run for Vice-President—if he can get the nomination. And when the news came there arose a mighty chorus of, "Sure he will!" Then a young man did a most remarkable bit of press-agent work for a very poor show by killing a man on a roof-garden, or a millionaire died and left three dollars and a half to his relatives, or some other momentous thing happened, and the tremendous import of the Towne condescension drifted out of the popular mind, and the dickens only knows when it will get back there again, for it is Towne's sad fate that the people do not take him so seriously as he takes himself, and there is but a misty understanding of the valuable and valorous services he has rendered to his country. Of course, everybody appreciates the fact that these services have been valorous and valuable, and that is why, when the first great impact of the announcement came, the people were glad for the reassurance and startled by the modesty. It has all escaped them now, for it is hard to remember details when a bull market is on and the Kansas wheat crop is pushing the State boundary line over into Colorado

Charles Arnette Towne! Shall we say the stormy petrel of American politics, or shall we say the human whirligig of the same? Fair sirs, please take your choice, according as your like is for poetry or prose. Either is right, for even the most casual observer must admit that when a man starts as a high-tariff Republican member of Congress from Minnesota and bumps all the bumps through Silver Republicanism, Silver Democracy and plain Democracy, and comes to be a Tammany member of Congress from New York, he has been stormy-petreling some, to say nothing of whirligigging a bit.

There is always a reason for every politician, and, sometimes, a reason and a half, or two reasons, for a statesman. Without twitting on facts, it may be said that the reason for Towne is a voice and a knowledge of how to use it. He can talk. It used to be said of him that he could talk a bird out of a tree. Apparently, he believed it, for he is now engaged in the pleasing pastime of trying to talk a nomination out of a national convention. Mr. Bryan did that, but he concentrated instead of scattering. However, Towne can talk, and he does. Early in life he joined, by right of hall-mark denoting ninety-nine per cent. fine, the grand galaxy of silver-tongued orators, that noble band of hot-air artists who sound the clarion call from morn to night, who tell the people what they must and shall do, and then observe the strange phenomenon of the people going and doing what they please.

Towne is a silver-tonguer of the highest rank. Words leap from the argentiferous tip of that appliance—cascade from it, indeed—and break in lucent fragments in the ambient air. He is a fine figure of a man, graceful, handsome, learned in all the tricks of elocution. It is worth while, strictly, to hear him denounce the money devil, excoriate the trusts, lambaste the Republican Party, and point the way to better days. He has a good mind, a ready wit, and a rather comprehensive grasp of public affairs—a useful grasp, at any rate. Oratorically he is as versatile as he is politically. He can talk on any subject, at any time, and what he says will have a most convincing sound. "Clever" fits Towne better than any other word.

Towne originated in Michigan, but went to Duluth in 1890, while that town was still trying heroically to live up to its Proctor Knott designation as "the zenith city of the unsalted seas," a phrase, by the way, as worthy of Towne as it was of Knott. Apparently, Towne struck Duluth running for Congress, for he was elected as a Republican in 1894, a good record for a silver-tonguer, even. He attached himself to the sixteen-to-one propaganda, advocated that immortal, but unfortunate, ratio, and when the Republican National Convention, in 1896, refused to put a free-silver plank in its platform, he walked out of the convention—behind Senator Teller, of Colorado. That was magnificent, but it was poor politics, and did not denote the possession of a prophetic eye on the part of Teller or Towne.

Towne announced himself as a Silver Republican, a political designation that reminded one of the famed willopus wallapus, which, as all students of natural history know, cannot live on the land and dies in the water. He was chairman of the Silver Republican National Committee, but, at that instant, showed the first symptoms of his amazing versatility, for he ran for Congress on the Democratic ticket in Duluth that fall and tried it again two years later. He was defeated both times. The only flaw, the only time the whirligig stopped, was when he declined nominations for Vice-President offered by the Populists and the Silver Republicans. He was in his stride in 1900, for, after Cushman K. Davis died, Governor Lind appointed him to the United States Senate, where he served as a Democrat for fifty-four days.

The immortal doctrine of sixteen to one had taken off its immortality by that time and put on its immortelles. The Democrats were out in the open, bewailing the sad fate of the Little Brown Brother in the Philippines. Loud cries of anguish went up every day. Towne stage-managed himself well. He waited until his successor had been elected by a cruel and unfeeling Republican Legislature in Minnesota in the shape of that monumental statesman, Moses E. Clapp, the Black Eagle of Fergus Falls. Then Towne announced that he would speak on the Philippine question, and he did.

It was a finished oration by a finished orator on an unfinished subject. Towne swept along the keyboard of human emotions, from the grumbliest notes at the lower end to the tinkly ones at the top. He wept, he exhorted, he prayed, he commanded, he warned, he censured, he chastised. Woe, woe to our free institutions! Woe, woe to the Republican Party! Woe, woe to everybody and everything, and, especially, frightful, terrible, abysmal woe to the Declaration of Independence, the Constitution of the United States and the Republic! It was a day of despair and doubt. He pledged himself to fight the battles of our two-dollars-a-head citizens over there—that is, not fight them over there, but fight them here for the Little Brown Brothers over there.

Then he retired from the Senate and announced that he intended to go to New York and enter politics.

The Little Brown Brothers got out in the high grass by that time, and were forgotten by everybody except the soldiers, who have to exterminate them as expeditiously as possible; or, it may be, Towne found that the Big Red Brothers of Tammany were not interested. At any rate, his oratory turned, or was turned, in other directions. He became one of the official spellbinders for Tammany. These spellbinders can rip the stars out of the firmament on any occasion. Towne was a notable addition to the corps. Anybody who can reach farther up and get a better grip on the azure robe of night than Towne must stand on top of the Washington Monument to do it.

Towne was a Tammany delegate to the St. Louis convention, in 1900, that nominated Parker for President. He had an idea that he might get that nomination himself, and put up lightning-rods and spread lime and set traps in all directions. He did get a vote or two from Oregon, or Oshkosh, or Oskaloosa, or somewhere, but the persons who went down there to nominate Parker refused to be deterred from their "safe-and-sane" purpose, and Towne went back to New York and thence to Congress.

He is there now, and will probably remain there so long as Tammany wants him to. With an exact appreciation of his own abilities—which, it must not be inferred, are not of a high order—Towne does not do things in a haphazard manner. He is no orator to jump up at a moment's notice and uncork the vials of his eloquence, although he can talk extemporaneously as well as the best of them. He is his own stage-manager and puts out his own advance-notices.

When he was getting ready for his great effort in the session of Congress that closed late in June, he did not make the announcement in Washington, for Washington reporters see very clearly into things of that kind, and, because of long association with greatness, are not so much impressed with a statement that Mr. Towne has a speech to make as they might be. He let it be known that he had this speech on tap when he was out West, and word was telegraphed back immediately.

The project got a paragraph in the newspapers. The announcement was made again in Washington, and, finally, the great day came. Towne made his speech. It was a good speech, well conceived and well delivered.

His announcement that he will take the nomination for Vice-President with Mr. Bryan is Townesque. It is nearly two years to convention time. Bryan may not be nominated, but it won't hurt Towne any to have his name associated with Bryan's in the present political situation.

THE WINDFALL

(Concluded from Page 4)

if it were possible for so well-trained a man as Ponderby to be put out by anything. He almost gasped out the words:

"Lady Mary Banatyne, m'lord."

"Alone?"

"Yes, m'lord."

Jack hurried to the head of the broad stairway, and there, sure enough, was Lady Mary, who had nearly completed the ascent. He ran down a step or two to meet her, and impulsively held out both his hands. He had never seen her look so charming, for a faint hint of embarrassment had added to the color in her cheeks, and seemed even to tint with delicate rose the ivory of her neck and shoulders bearing the proud auburn head. She laughed a little as she withdrew her hands from his eager grasp, and glanced apprehensively around to assure herself that there were no witnesses to this exuberant welcome.

"It is kind of you to show that I am forgiven even before I begin an apology," she said. "I know of nothing so censurable as to refuse a dinner-invitation and then arrive without warning, but I have told the coachman to wait, and if there is not a place for me at table—and serve me right—I will slip quietly away. I hope the Duchess has not arrived?"

"Not—not yet, Lady Mary."

"I am glad of that. I came early of set purpose, so that I might escape if it were necessary."

"Oh, but it is not necessary!"

"Then I will go home with her as originally arranged. I wonder what she will say to me. I'm in disgrace. I bolted yesterday."

"Bolted?"

Lady Mary laughed. "What an odd word for me to use! No wonder I shocked you. I should have said 'revolted.' I—I sort of ran away from Park Lane yesterday morning, and went to a school-friend of mine who lives at Queen's Gate. I wrote to you from there, and I've been avoiding the Duchess ever since. But we mustn't stand talking here. People will be coming. Please send some one to tell the coachman not to wait, while I get rid of my wraps. Quite sure that my staying won't in any way disarrange your table?"

"Quite sure, Mary. Just come this way."

He led her into the telephone-room, a small, square, comfortable little den, where the opening of the door turned on the electric light. Lady Mary looked about her with a slight expression of surprise in her fine eyes. There were no discarded wraps visible, and no attendant. Then it occurred to her that her host labored under tense but suppressed excitement, and she wondered if he had been even harder hit than she had supposed. Turning toward him, she saw him stand with his back against the door just as if he held her prisoner. There was a look in his eyes she had never seen there before.

"You wrote to me yesterday. Then I should have received your letter last night."

"Yes. Didn't you?"

"No. Come to think of it, I was not at home last night. Mary, you find me in somewhat embarrassed circumstances, and I—want you to help me."

"I shall be very glad to. I heard something of your trouble, and hoped it was not true. Have you really lost everything?"

"Oh, *that!* Yes, there has been a clean sweep, thank goodness, and so I am not tempted to hang on, as it were—no half measures, you see. I leave for America to-morrow."

"Oh!" cried Lady Mary very gently. "Then this dinner is by way of being a farewell feast?"

"The dinner is the circumstance that causes me the embarrassment which I mentioned a moment ago, when I ventured to solicit your help."

"Are you afraid to face your guests? I shouldn't have thought that of you."

"The fact that I am now facing my guest shows that my courage merits the confidence you so generously placed upon it. Except yourself, all of those whom I invited have been reluctantly compelled to withdraw their acceptances."

Lady Mary had been sitting down by the little table on which rested the stand-telephone. She rose instantly to her feet, a shadow of dismay spreading over her fair face.

"Then the Duchess is not coming? There is nobody here? Do you mean to tell me that I am alone in your house?"

"No, Lady Mary. There are thirty guests, more or less, in the drawing-room at this moment, but they are Ponderby's guests, not mine. It seemed a little too bad to allow an excellent dinner to be wasted—Ponderby arranges for the most delightful of meals—so I told him to invite thirty of his friends, and 'they've all come,' as the song says. No, it isn't *my* farewell spread. It is to welcome the coming rather than to speed the parting person. Ponderby is to take service with the Duke of Trent at largely increased remuneration—Ponderby joins the peerage, as one might say—and this is a congratulatory guzzle, if you will forgive the slanginess of the expression. You see, although I didn't mind being turned out of this eligible residence, as the estate-agents would call it, I couldn't allow poor Ponderby to be evicted through my folly; therefore I refused to stake the house until the Duke promised to take on old Ponderby."

Lady Mary gazed at the young man, evidently thunderstruck, forgetting all about her isolated position.

"Do you mean to tell me it was the Duke you were gambling with?"

"Certainly. It isn't a secret, is it? If you didn't know it, please treat what I have said as confidential."

"Why—why," stammered Lady Mary, evidently trying to readjust her thoughts and reconcile previous beliefs with present knowledge, "the Duchess is dead set against playing for money, and will not allow stakes at her bridge-parties!"

"That's one reason his Grace never attends them," chuckled Jack.

"But while the Duchess was deploring your fondness for play, and asking her husband whether anything could induce you to reform, he said he would make an attempt, and endeavor to show you the evils of the vice."

The young man laughed heartily, while the girl regarded him, partly puzzled, partly resentful.

"That's first rate!" cried Jack at last. "The Duke kept his word to the letter, for never was such an object-lesson given to a gambler. The Duke is one of the best fellows in the world, and, besides possessing what was yesterday my property, possesses also a sense of humor which I think his wife lacks; so you must not give him away. Tell me why you revolted from so delightful a household?"

"I cannot do that."

"Why?"

"Simply because I cannot."

"You mean you will not?"

"Very well."

"Then I shall put the worse construction on your silence."

"That will be unkind, but I am helpless."

"The Duchess was discussing me. The good lady wished me reformed. Why? Because she was going to throw me at the head of her pretty niece, and was so indiscreet as to give some hint of her intention, which caused the pretty niece to run away, and refuse to attend my dinner."

"You seem to know all about it. If I had such an imagination as yours I'd cultivate that instead of an American farm. We need a new novelist. I am sorry to contradict you, but it never occurred to me that you were to be thrown at my head, as you put it."

"Not as I put it, Mary. My intentions are much more humble, and I throw myself at your feet. Will you marry a pauper, my dear?" And with all the grace of his gallant ancestors, Jack O'Neil took her hesitating hand. Lady Mary tried to withdraw her hand, thought better of it and allowed it to remain where it was. She laughed very quietly.

"Answer, answer!" he cried.

"I might marry a pauper if I cared for him, and knew how much a year was required to keep him out of the workhouse, because they tell me that the harsh law of England separates man and wife at the poorhouse door—the forced divorce of the penniless. Jack, you should marry a rich girl. I am little better than a pauper myself, but I should like to see America, and I have the money to pay my fare."

Jack sprang to his feet and took her in his arms.

"Confound the cash! This is why I want to marry you, my darling. It's you that has the imagination, Mary. What a grim picture you flashed up against the workhouse door, and when one remembers that poor humanity has to suffer such misery for lack of money, none but a fool would fling it broadcast. And now, my girl, it's myself will never touch cards or dice-box again! Thunder! and I refused to make that promise this very afternoon! Oh, Mary, you're going to marry a simpleton, but we'll try to reform him and please the Duchess!"

He touched a bell, and Ponderby appeared as speedily and silently as if he had been the genii of the lamp.

"Is it dinner-time yet, Ponderby?"

"A minute or two past the hour, m'lord."

"How time does slip away! Did you tell your guests that I'd be chairman to-night?"

"I didn't take such a liberty, m'lord, thinking it best to leave your lordship free in case some of your own friends might come."

"Oh, wise and thoughtful man, how much older art thou than thy looks! Very well, Ponderby, you must be both chairman and host to-night. I shall look in on you later in the evening. You are not going with the Duke after all, but it was quite true what I said about your—shall we say stipend?—being doubled. Give orders for a table to be set for two in one of the small rooms. Lady Mary and I will dine there, and one of the outside waiters will attend to us." He was interrupted by a sudden burst of gay music from the band in the gallery of the dining-hall. "Ah, that will keep your guests interested for a moment or two, and give you time to find the house number of old Sanderson's telephone! Ring him up; turn him on to me. Then get at your trencher-work."

"But, Jack," protested the girl, "I must not dine here alone with you."

"Why not? We're engaged, you know."

"Are we? I wasn't sure. I suppose, as you know everything, you think I came here to-night to—to—to ——"

"You're quite right. I know exactly why you came. When you heard that I was bankrupt your sympathies were aroused. You said to yourself: 'Now is the time for his friends to rally round him'—and so you came."

Lady Mary was sitting down again, and her eyes were scrutinizing the carpet at her feet.

Before she could reply, if she had intended to make any answer, there was a tinkle of the telephone bell, and Jack took up the receiver.

"That you, Sanderson? You must excuse me calling you up after business hours, and at your own residence, but the case is urgent. Did you say this afternoon that the legacy left me was double what I lost? . . . Five times! . . . Oh, that puts an entirely different construction on the affair, doesn't it? . . . Quite so. . . . Of course I accept, and agree to the proviso, although I would like one more flutter with the Duke. By the way, Sanderson, could you oblige me by attending to a matter of moment to-night? I want an announcement put into the more important newspapers to-morrow morning: . . . A marriage has been arranged, and will take place—you know the correct phraseology of these paragraphs—will take place between Lady Mary Banatyne—B-A-N-A-T-Y-N-E—niece of the Duchess of Trent, and myself."

Lady Mary made a little ineffectual murmur of protest, while Jack covered the telephone-transmitter with his hand, that Sanderson might not hear. She must first tell her aunt, she said.

"That's all right, Mary. We'll drive direct there to-night after dinner. I am merely removing obstacles to your dining alone with me. . . . What's that, Sanderson? . . . No; we were not cut off. Oh, about the legacy! . . . No, I shouldn't say anything in print about that if I were you. Tell it as a secret to some of your friends, and it will be all over town to-morrow. This is a gossipy, inquisitive, wireless-telegraphy world, Sanderson. *Good-night!*"

Against Hypocritical Clothes

By A. Taylor-Cutter.

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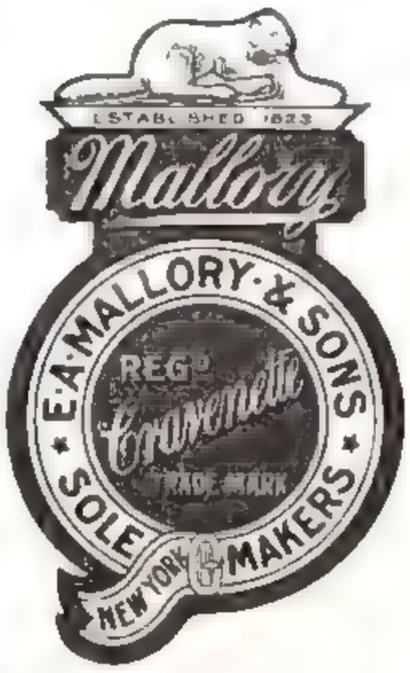

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AROUND THE WORLD
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PLAYERS: PAST AND PRESENT

(Concluded from Page 11)

daggers, she made a slight pause, and she said the awful words that follow—"The sleeping and the dead are but as pictures"—not to Macbeth, but to herself. The tone in which, as Queen Katharine, she adjured her waiting-woman—"When I am dead, let me be used with honor"—would have drawn tears from a heart of stone. Her voice, when, as poor old Meg Merrilies, she proclaimed that her ghost would haunt the lonely dell which she long had made her home, had in it an unearthly music that made the nerves thrill and the brain tremble. In private life she did not, as was said of Mrs. Siddons, "stab the potatoes"; but wherever she went her personality made itself felt. Addressing me, on February 24, 1877, her intimate friend and posthumous biographer, Miss Emma Stebbins, who had known her long and loved her dearly (perhaps the most intimate friend she ever had), wrote these words: "I have always thought your writings and notices of Miss Cushman showed the truest knowledge and appreciation of her of any I have ever seen, and I believe you reverenced and respected her heartily as a woman, as well as understood her as an artist." That belief was justified. One of my priceless relics is a golden tortoise-shell snuffbox, once owned by Lord Byron, given to me, as a Christmas present, by Henry Irving; and in it I keep a lock of the hair of Charlotte Cushman, cut from her head, after death, by her affectionate negro servant, Sallie Mercer, together with a lock of the hair of the greatest of all female actors recorded in history, Sarah Siddons. It was a privilege to know such a woman. It is a comfort to think of her. The story of Miss Cushman's labor, vicissitudes and endurance; the splendid courage with which she held her steadfast course, confronting disaster, sickness and a fatal disease; the integrity of her purpose; the fidelity of her life; the simplicity and beauty of her daily conduct; the magnanimity of her spirit; the loftiness of her thoughts; and the invariable nobility of her nature and her deeds, should be read by every member of the dramatic profession; for Charlotte Cushman's example was glorious—and there never was a time when actors needed a glorious example more than they do now, when their great art has largely fallen into the hands of hucksters, and the theatre has been turned into a treadmill.

My last interview with Charlotte Cushman occurred at the Parker House, in Boston, a little while before her death. The tragedian, John McCullough, went with me to call on her, and we were received in her parlor, where she talked with us for some time. It was a cold, clear, bright morning, and the room was flooded with sunshine. Miss Cushman was sitting in a large armchair—her sober raiment in perfect order, her person propped with cushions, and her right arm, strapped and sustained with bandages, rested upon a board. Her face was thin and pale; her hair was very gray; and her eyes, always brilliant, were illumined now with a strange lustre—the spectral light of another world. The disquietude, the continual sense of pain, the feverish alertness commingled with languor, and the patient effort at composure which I had so often seen her express in the scene between Queen Katharine and Griffith, she now, unconsciously, expressed in her own condition. It seemed to me evident that her strength was nearly exhausted, that her vitality was almost wholly that of the indomitable spirit, and that her last hour on earth must, indeed, be close at hand; and yet there was, in her intellectual pose, a force that seemed invincible. The disease from which she suffered was cancer—the same cruel disease that sapped the life of her illustrious predecessor on the American stage, Mary Duff. She had long battled with that enemy: she knew her danger. But at this time she was not in expectancy of death. On the contrary, she was confident of a speedy recovery. A local physician had persuaded her that he was possessed of an infallible remedy, and to this she had resorted. "He is a young man," she said, "and he has the face of a discoverer. As soon as I saw him, I had confidence in him. He will *assuredly* cure me." She spoke freely of her condition. She described the inroads of the disease, intimating that she deemed it hereditary, and saying that she had taken all possible precautions against it—resorting to extreme exercises, by which she had hardened herself and made her muscles like steel. Then, slightly lowering her voice, she said, with intensely earnest expression and deep solemnity: "I shall not die of this disease. If I thought I had to perish in that way I would not *endure* it—I would myself end my life." Those were her exact words. They made, I know, a deep impression on my mind, for her voice was that of invincible resolution, and her countenance, radiant with spiritual ecstasy, disclosed the full stature of her unconquerable will. She did not so perish. She incautiously went for a walk, and took cold, and a sudden attack of pneumonia caused her death, on February 18, 1876, only twenty days after that conversation and our final parting—which then befell. She was in the sixtieth year of her age. Her grave is in Mount Auburn Cemetery, in a place selected by herself, on a hill that commands a distant view of the old city of Boston, where she was born, and with which her illustrious name will always be associated in reverential love.

To a thoughtful reader the question will inevitably occur, with reference to Miss Cushman, as with reference to every other actor: What was accomplished by her for the benefit of the world? It is only in that point of view that any career is important—for the need of mankind is, not to be astounded by personal cleverness, but to be cheered, encouraged and helped. The assertion of an individual prominence amounts to nothing. Alexander the Great is great to us only in so far as he does us any good. Unless the actor, or other artist, imparts something of mental and spiritual value to others, some aid in the conduct of life, he is unimportant to them. Egotism is barren. Miss Cushman was not an egotist. She thought of her duty as an intellectual leader and exemplar; and in all that she undertook she wrought for the benefit of society. She not only acted great parts, but, in acting them, she gave something to her auditors. She imparted to them a conception of noble individuality and an incentive to noble behavior. She told them that they also were of an immortal spirit; that it was their duty to live pure lives; to do right; to endure with fortitude; and to look onward with hope and trust. She did not fill their minds with images of decadence and promptings to degeneracy, recklessness and failure. She was a minister of the beautiful; and therefore she was a benefactor to her time and to all the times that are to follow. It is difficult to convey an adequate sense of the mental, moral and artistic superiority that she exemplified, or the inspiring influence that she exerted. Within the last thirty years many female actors have been distinguished in tragedy on the American stage, many beautiful women have appeared, and many displays have been made of genius and ability in various lines of dramatic art; but of opulent power, in acting, such as was manifested, at certain supreme moments, in the Othello of Forrest, the Lear of Booth, the Virginius of McCullough, the Cassius of Barrett, and the Lady Macbeth of Charlotte Cushman, the audience of the present day has seldom seen a suggestive example. The contemporary American stage is fortunate, as to actresses, in the romantic loveliness of Miss Julia Marlowe, the intellectual force and striking originality of Mrs. Fiske, the gentle beauty and profound devotion of Miss Viola Allen, the abundant passion and exquisite vocalism of Mrs. Carter, and the wild, dashing, picturesque abandonment of Miss Blanche Bates; but no woman in the theatre of this period shows the inspirational fire, the opulent intellect, the dominant character and the abounding genius—rising to great heights and satisfying the utmost demand of great occasions—that were victorious and imperial in Charlotte Cushman.

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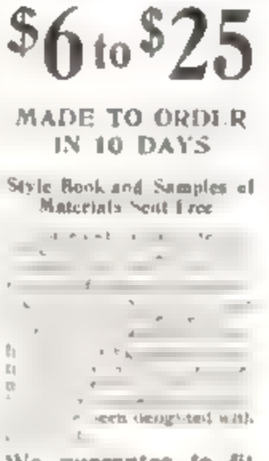

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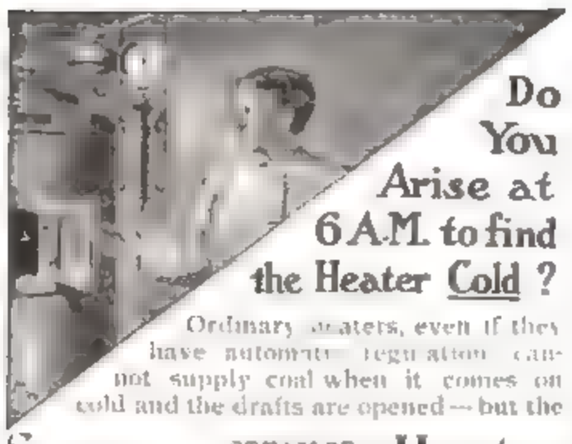

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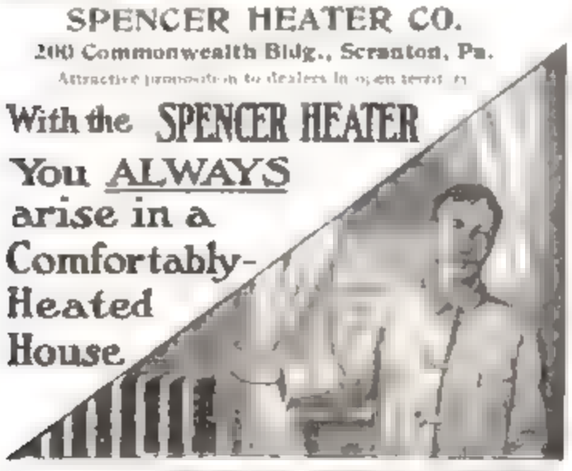

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THE SHAME OF THE COLLEGES

(*Concluded from Page 9*)

John D. Rockefeller. The alkali boy took a great interest in this work, and finally went with it to an elderly Divinity Professor.

"Professor," said the Wild West boy, "is it right for every one to gather gilt the way Mr. Rockefeller does it?"

"Why, since you ask it," said the Divine, "this is rather—rather a sudden question—but if you require a candid answer—yes, I am sure that Mr. Rockefeller would not acquire wealth through any dubious channels."

"Thank you," said Gila Bill. "Now tell me one more thing. When a man gets money the way Uncle—Mr. Rockefeller does, is it right to use it for educational purposes?"

"I can answer without hesitation—nay, with enthusiasm—that such capital is well used for the divine purposes of Learning."

"Thank you," said William. "My talk with you has made the problem of my self-support a simple one."

And he went away and bought a shotgun.

Now, it seems that Gila Bill's spending-money had been running rather low. So he hunted up a nice, lonesome road out in a fashionable suburb and posted himself behind a hedge, shotgun in hand. It was a dark night, one well suited to the purposes of a frenzied financier. Presently along came a sleek black coupé, and through the glass window William could discern his prize, a Magnate.

"Halt, pardner!" shouted Bill, jumping from behind his hedge. The coachman fainted and the inmate of the carriage shrieked for help.

"Softly, stranger," suggested Bill kindly, "or I'll blow a billion dollars' wuth o' brains through the top o' that there hack. Jest shell yer gilt and joolry over the side and I reckon ther' won't be no trouble."

"But, sir," quoth the Magnate, "aren't you aware that this is a Christian civilization, that you can't practice outlawry upon respectable and respected citizens in this part of the world? Where do you come from?"

"Gila Gulch and the University of Chicago," said Bill.

"The University of Chicago!" cried the Magnate, horror-stricken. "Haven't they taught you there that it is wrong, that it is unChristianlike, to take the wealth of others through duress, menace and intimidation?"

"I used to think so," admitted the boy bandit, "but I just learned that it doesn't matter how you get the stuff so long as you apply it to educational purposes. I am going to give this bullion to education—my own."

The Magnate handed out a gold watch, some Standard Oil stocks and thirty-two cents in change.

"Young man," he said, "you are on the right track; but the trouble with you is that you have a retail mind. No honest, energetic youth ever got ahead by mere highway robbery—by accepting the pickings of the profession—when the great, billowing sea of frenzied possibilities stretches all around him from Wall Street to the Golden Gate. You could never build a college, you could not even found a dormitory, on the money you would glean here and there, with however noble an intent, at highway robbery. If you want to get away with the goods hire a State Legislature, get a Senator in your office and let the Patriots do the work for you. Try this, and in a few brief years you will be shipping the swag in carloads, the nation will rise up and bless you, and the railroads will handle your loot at rebate rates."

"Thank you," repeated Bill, as he backed away; "to whom am I indebted for this valuable bit of inside information?"

"Oh, it really doesn't matter," said the Magnate as he removed his wig and brushed it wearily. "I represent the University of Chicago, among other corporations."

Gila Bill folded away his Standard Oil stocks and went on his journey pondering deeply. He was, after a fashion, a successful man, since he had cleaned up a Lieutenant-General of Industry, and done it according to Lawson. So he went back to the University and led a better life, singularly free from financial worry. A Chicago car conductor tells me that Bill is about to donate a Bureau of Self-Help for Poor Students.

(*Such of my readers as desire to know the real names and addresses of the principal actors in the above drama, or are desirous of substantiating any statements in this or the preceding articles, will please communicate with the Dead Letter Office, where their queries will doubtless be answered courteously in due time.*)

THE SOCIALIST MACHINE

(*Concluded from Page 5*)

speaker makes an appeal to the audience for financial help for the propaganda. Considering that the audience is composed almost exclusively of working-people, the results of these collections are sometimes truly astonishing. Old party politicians invariably laugh when they hear that collections or admission fees are asked at political meetings, and cannot easily believe that such procedure does not drive away the crowds. The fact remains that it doesn't.

Owing to these collections and sales of literature, it cost the national office only about $3000 to keep nineteen organizers on the road during the year of 1905. The organizers receive three dollars per day and expenses.

The main source of revenue for the national office is the sale of books of stamps. Each party member must buy one stamp per month. For these stamps the national office receives five cents apiece from the State committees, which sell them for ten cents apiece to the county committees, which sell them for fifteen cents apiece to the local branches, which in turn dispense of them to their members for twenty-five cents apiece.

The dues-paying on the part of all the members is insisted upon as an essential feature of the movement. It is believed to make for democracy and against one-man power, making it difficult, if not impossible, for a rich demagogue, by financing the party, to control it.

Not long ago a rich man was chosen treasurer for one of the State committees. It was found that, when members were delinquent in dues, he was in the habit of making up the difference out of his own pocket. He was promptly ousted from his position.

The Socialist organization is not a centralized body, as might be inferred from a description solely of the national committee. In all, except a few Southern States and Nevada (which is at present being organized), there are State organizations which, according to section four, article twelve of the party constitution, "shall have the sole jurisdiction of the members residing within their respective territories, and the sole control of all matters pertaining to the propaganda, organization and financial affairs within such State or Territory. The national committee and sub-committees or officers thereof shall have no right to interfere in such matters without the consent of the respective State or Territorial organizations."

Theatrical Ballast

MAUDE ADAMS was lately remarking, not unkindly, upon the luxurious habits of a friend, and was given the *lu quoque* on the score of her new private car.

"I didn't want such a car," she protested. "For years my ideal was a bit of a caboose, such as they dangle on the end of freight trains. All I wanted was a bed behind a curtain, a chair or two and a tea basket—I insisted on the tea basket. But they told me that on the end of a fast passenger train such a car would sway and jump. I suggested to Mr. Frohman that we could ballast it with blocks of lead.

"'Never mind about the lead,' he answered. 'I'll give you some of my plays.'

"But he didn't, and so I have to have a long car."

It is well known that Miss Adams' tastes are the simplest, and that she avoids all appearance of affluence, being absorbed in her work. The surplus space in her new car she has utilized not for luxury but for a little stage on which to rehearse.

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VAITI OF THE ISLANDS

(Concluded from Page 7)

Vaiti stood up, flung back her hair, and cast the trouble from her. She could not afford to grieve over the inevitable now; there was too much to do. The boat had to be prepared and provisioned, and that was not the work of a moment.

She husked and opened a number of large cocoanuts and removed the insides. She then cut a quantity of young palm-leaves, and plaited them into baskets, which she filled with the cocoanut meat. Afterward she cut down dozens of young green nuts for drinking, husked them to save space and slung them together in bunches with strips of their own fibre. This done, she hid the provisions in the boat and set about her own supper, as it was almost dark.

Nourishing food she felt she must have, if she was to get through with her enterprise; but she dared not attract attention to herself by going out torch-fishing on the reef.

However, there were certain holes in the ground about the roots of the palms that to her experienced eye promised something better than fish.

She dug a fire-hole in the gravel at the end of the gully where she had hidden the boat, lined it with stones, and made a fire, looking well so that no gleam should be visible from above. When the stones were beginning to heat she took a piece of palmleaf in her hand, hid herself in the bush, and waited, still as a rock.

By and by there was a faint scuffling among the roots of the trees, and a shadowy thing began climbing up the trunk of a palm. Vaiti waited till it had disappeared in the crown of the tree, and then climbed after it to a point about ten feet from the top, when she tied her strip of leaf round the trunk, and came down again.

Thump! thump! Two cocoanuts fell to the earth. The crab (for it was a cocoanut-crab of the biggest and fiercest kind) was getting his supper. Now he would come down the tree, rip open the nuts with his formidable claws, and enjoy the contents.

Slowly he began to back down the palm, his sensitive tail ready to tell him when he had touched earth, and might safely let go. And now it was that Vaiti's trap (a well-known native trick) proved his undoing.

The belt of dry leaflets around the tree tickled his tail, he promptly let go, and fell with a crash seventy feet through air, on to the pile of coral lumps that Vaiti had heaped up at the foot of the tree.

The girl picked him up, badly injured and unable to use his claws (which were big enough to crack her ankle), and put an end to him with a clever stroke of her knife. He proved to be two feet long in the body alone, and of a fine blue and red color, as seen in the dim light of the fire. She put him on the heated stones, wrapped in leaves, buried him until cooked, and then enjoyed a hot supper that an epicure might have envied.

Strengthened by the good food, she worked on late into the night; catching more crabs whose meat she hoped she could dry in the sun; making a rough sail out of the bed-sheet she had carried away from the schooner; twisting sennit-plait out of cocoanut husk for ropes; cutting and trimming a small pandanus for the mast. She had all her plans laid, and knew what she meant to do. Her present position was about five hundred miles from the Marquesas, and the southeast trades would be in her favor. With lines for fishing, a breaker full of fresh water on board (she had found that in the dinghy when she took it away), cocoanuts to help out with, and plenty of crab to dry, she hoped she might manage to reach the islands before her strength or her food gave out. Greater voyages had been done many a time in mere canoes; and the dinghy was a large boat of its kind, strong, well-built and new. If she failed—well, any death, any horror that the wide seas could hold, was better than Vaka Island.

All being ready, she lay down and slept till dawn—a somewhat restless sleep, for it was full of wandering dreams, and all the dreams took one shape: Donahue's schooner, snared by the lying chart, rushing helpless to her end, with the green-eyed tigers of the sea hovering ever about the reefs, and waiting, waiting.

"I don't think the patient can see any one," said the nurse doubtfully.

The big yellow-haired sailor took off his hat and stepped up to the veranda. It was a very beautiful veranda

You could see the greater part of Suva Bay from it, and half the tumbled purple peaks of Fiji's wonderful mountains lying across the harbor.

"If you could stretch a point, ma'am," said the sailor, "it might be as well for him. I've got good news."

"About his daughter?" asked the nurse She, like every one else in Suva was deeply interested in this especial patient's story. He had come to Suva in his own schooner, the Sybil, several weeks before, furious with rage and despair at the loss of his daughter, and eager to demand assistance from the High Commissioner of the Western Pacific, although it seemed by no means clear in what manner her Majesty's representative could aid him. Before the matter had even been discussed, however, he had fallen seriously ill of sunstroke and excitement combined, and had been sent to the hospital, with rather a bad chance of recovery.

He was just turned the corner now, and the nurse who could not but admire his rather weather-beaten good looks and romantic history regarded him as her most interesting patient.

"Yes, it's about his daughter," answered the sailor. "I'm the mate of the Sybil, ma'am. Harris is my name. Perhaps you'd kindly read this."

He held out a long printed slip of paper containing a resumé of the cables for the day Suva's only substitute for a daily paper.

The nurse took it and read:

> The missing daughter of Edward Saxon, owner and master of the trading schooner Sybil, has at last reappeared. Her fate has excited much interest and conjecture all over the Pacific. She arrived in Sydney yesterday on board the cable-ship Irene, by which she was picked up on the second instant, in an open boat, alone, and two hundred miles from any land. She had experienced bad weather, and was much exhausted for want of food, but declared herself capable, if it had been necessary, of reaching the nearest island group unaided. She had been carried away, as was surmised, by the captain of the island schooner Ikurangi, who marooned her on a remote leper island, Vaka, and then sailed for South America. Revenge for the loss of a pearl-shell bed of disputed ownership is said to have been the motive of this unparalleled outrage.

The sailor was waiting.

"He shall have it at once," said the nurse cordially. "It'll do him more good than all our medicines."

The story was a popular one in the hospital for months after, and it had not been quite forgotten when, toward the close of the hot season, a Sydney paper furnished the last chapter of the tale. Saxon's late nurse read it aloud to the others at afternoon tea, and they all agreed—not knowing how Vaiti's fingers had cogged the dice of chance—that it was a wonderful Providence and a real judgment.

The item read:

> THE LAST OF AN OCEAN ROMANCE
>
> News comes via Tahiti from Nukahiva, Marquesas Islands, of the arrival of a shipwrecked native crew on a raft, six weeks ago. They were the survivors of a disaster that destroyed the notorious schooner Ikurangi, whose master, it will be remembered, kidnaped and marooned the daughter of a British captain some months ago. The schooner, after leaving the island, sailed for Callao, but was wrecked on an uncharted reef three days east of Vaka, and went to pieces. The crew escaped on a raft, and underwent great sufferings in their efforts to reach land. The captain and mate were drowned.

"And serve them right, too!" said the audience.

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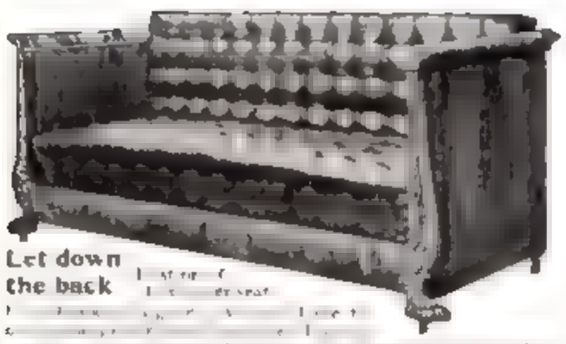

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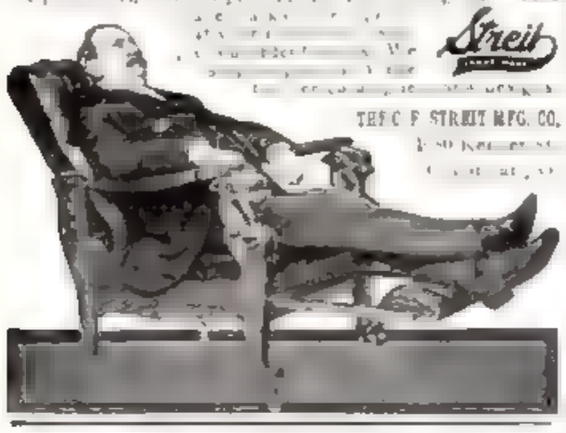
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The Chase of the Golden Plate

(Continued from Page 18)

Detective Mallory glared at him suspiciously, then slowly his heavy face relaxed and he laughed as he arose and produced the cushion.

"If you're trying to make any mystery of this thing, you're in bad," he informed the scientist. "We know the owner of the automobile in which Herbert and the Girl escaped. The cushion means nothing."

The Thinking Machine examined the heavy leather carefully and paid a great deal of attention to the crusted stains which it bore. He picked at one of the brown spots with his penknife and it flaked off in his hand.

"Herbert was caught with the goods on," declared the detective, and he thumped the desk with his lusty fist. "We've got the right man."

"Yes," admitted The Thinking Machine, "it begins to look very much as if you *did* have the right man—for once."

Detective Mallory snorted.

"Would you mind telling me if any of the jewelry you found in Mr. Herbert's possession has been identified?"

"Sure thing," replied the detective. "That's where I've got Herbert good. Four people who lost jewelry at the masked ball have appeared and claimed pieces of the stuff."

For an instant a slightly perplexed wrinkle appeared in the brow of The Thinking Machine, and as quickly it passed.

"Of course, of course," he mused.

"It's the biggest haul of stolen goods the police of this city have made for many years," the detective volunteered complacently. "And, if I'm not wrong, there's more of it coming—no man knows how much more. Why, Herbert must have been operating for years, and he got away with it, of course, by the gentlemanly exterior, the polish and all that. I consider his capture the most important that has happened since I have been connected with the police."

"Indeed?" inquired the scientist thoughtfully. He was still gazing at the cushion.

"And the most important development of all is to come," Detective Mallory rattled on. "That will be the real sensation, and make the arrest of Herbert seem purely incidental. It now looks as if there would be another arrest of a—of a person who is so high socially, and all that——"

"Yes," interrupted The Thinking Machine, "but do you think it would be wise to arrest her now?"

"Her?" demanded Detective Mallory. "What do you know of any woman?"

"You were speaking of Miss Dorothy Meredith, weren't you?" inquired The Thinking Machine blandly. "Well, I merely asked if you thought it would be wise for your men to go so far as to arrest her."

The detective bit his cigar in two in obvious perturbation.

"How—how—did you happen to know her name?" he demanded.

"Oh, Mr. Hatch mentioned it to me," replied the scientist. "He has known of her connection with the case for several days as well as Herbert's, and has talked to them both, I think."

The Supreme Intelligence was nearly apoplectic.

"If Hatch knew it, why didn't he tell me?" he thundered.

"Really, I don't know," responded the scientist. "Perhaps," he added curtly, "he may have had some absurd notion that you would find it out for yourself. He has strange ideas like that sometimes."

And, when Detective Mallory had fully recovered, The Thinking Machine was gone.

Meanwhile Hatch had seen and questioned Dr. Clarence Walpole in the latter's office, only a stone's throw from Dick Herbert's home. Had Doctor Walpole recently dressed a wound for Mr. Herbert? Doctor Walpole had. A wound caused by a pistol-bullet? Yes.

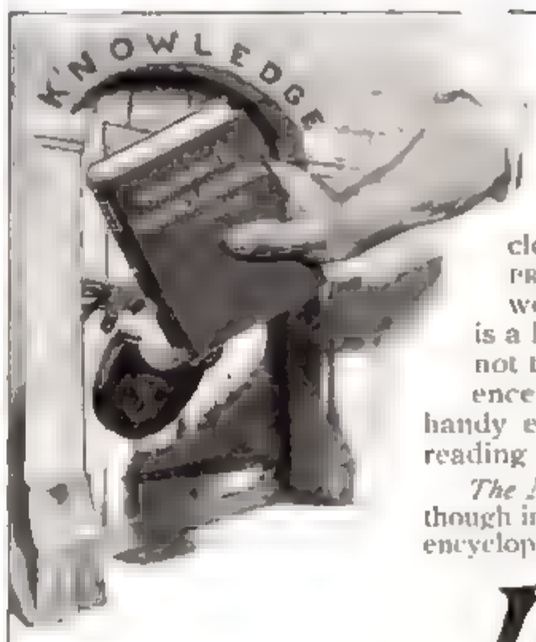
"When was it, please?" asked Hatch.

"Only a few nights ago."

"Thursday night, perhaps?"

Doctor Walpole consulted a desk-diary.

"Yes, Thursday night, or rather Friday morning," he replied. "It was between two and three o'clock. He came here and I fixed him up."



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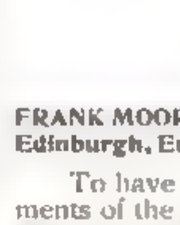

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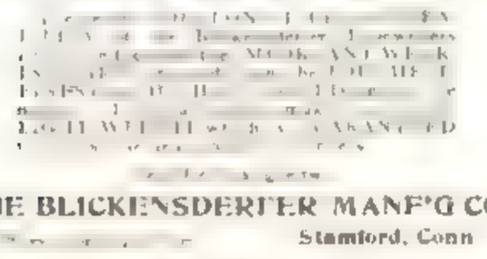

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"Where was the wound, please?"

"In the right shoulder," replied the physician, "just here," and he touched the reporter with one finger. "It wasn't dangerous, but he had lost considerable blood."

Hatch was silent for a moment, dazed. Every new point piled up the evidence against Herbert. The location of the wound—a pistol-wound—the very hour of the dressing of it! Dick would have had plenty of time between the moment of the robbery, which was comparatively early, and the hour of his call on Doctor Walpole to do all those things which he was suspected of doing.

"I don't suppose Mr. Herbert explained how he got the wound?" Hatch asked apprehensively. He was afraid he had.

"No. I asked, but he evaded the question. It was, of course, none of my business, after I had extracted the bullet and dressed the hurt."

"You have the bullet?"

"Yes. It's the usual size—thirty-two calibre."

That was all. The prosecution was in, the case proven, the verdict rendered. Ten minutes later Hatch's name was announced to Dick Herbert. Dick received him gloomily, shook hands with him, then resumed his interrupted pacing.

"I had declined to see men from other papers," he said wearily.

"Now, look here, Dick," expostulated Hatch, "don't you want to make some statement of your connection with this affair? I honestly believe that if you did it would help you."

"No, I cannot make any statement that's all." Dick's hand closed heresly. "I can't," he added, "and there's no need to talk of it." He continued his pacing for a moment or so; then turned on the reporter. "Do you believe me guilty?" he demanded abruptly.

"I can't believe anything else," Hatch replied falteringly. "But at that I don't *want* to believe it." There was an embarrassed pause. "I have just seen Dr. Clarence Walpole."

"Well?" Dick wheeled on him angrily.

"What he said alone would convict you even if the stuff had not been found here," Hatch replied.

"Are you *trying* to convict me?" Dick demanded.

"I'm trying to get the truth," remarked Hatch.

"There is just one man in the world whom I must see before the truth can ever be told," declared Dick vehemently. "And I can't find him now. I don't know where he is!"

"Let me find him. Who is he? What's his name?"

"If I told you that I might as well tell you everything," Dick went on. "It was to prevent any mention of that name that I have allowed myself to be placed in this position. It is purely a personal matter between us at least I will make it so and if I ever meet him ——" his hands closed and unclosed spasmodically, "the truth will be known unless I—I kill him first."

More bewildered, more befuddled and more generally betangled than ever, Hatch put his hands to his head to keep it from flying off. Finally he glanced around at Dick, who stood with clenched fists and closed teeth. A blaze of madness lay in Dick's eyes.

"Have you seen Miss Meredith again?" inquired the reporter.

Dick burst out laughing.

Half an hour later Hatch left him. On the glass top of an inkstand he carried three precious drops of Herbert's blood.

III

FAITHFULLY, phonographically even, Hatch repeated to The Thinking Machine the conversation he had had with Doctor Walpole, indicating on the person of the eminent scientist the exact spot of the wound as Doctor Walpole had indicated it to him. The scientist listened without comment to the recital, casually studying meanwhile the three crimson drops on the glass.

"Every step I take forward is a step backward," the reporter declared in conclusion with a helpless grin. "Instead of showing that Dick Herbert might not have stolen the plate, I am proving conclusively that he was the thief—nailing it to him so hard that he can't possibly get out of it." He was silent a moment. "If I keep on long enough," he added glumly, "I'll hang him."

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The Thinking Machine squinted at him aggressively.

"You still don't believe him guilty?" he asked.

"Why, I—I—I——" Hatch burst out savagely. "Harg it, I don't know what I believe," he tapered off. "It's absolutely impossible!"

"Nothing is impossible, Mr. Hatch," snapped The Thinking Machine irritably. "The worst a problem can be is difficult, but all problems can be solved as inevitably as that two and two make four—not sometimes, but all the time. Please don't say things are impossible. It annoys me exceedingly."

Hatch stared at his distinguished friend and smiled whimsically. He was also annoyed exceedingly on his own, private, individual account—the annoyance that comes from irresistibly butting into immovable facts.

"Doctor Walpole's statement," The Thinking Machine went on after a moment, "makes this particular problem ludicrously simple. Two points alone show conclusively that Mr. Herbert was not the man in the automobile. I shall reach the third myself."

Hatch didn't say anything. The English language is singularly inadequate at times, and if he had spoken he would have had to invent a phraseology to convey even a faint glimmer of what he really thought.

"Now, Mr. Hatch," resumed the scientist, quite casually, "I understand you graduated from Harvard in Ninety-eight. Yes? Well, Herbert was a classmate of yours there. Please obtain for me one of the printed lists of students who were in Harvard that year—a complete list."

"I have one at home," said the reporter.

"Get it, please, immediately, and return here," instructed the scientist.

Hatch went out and The Thinking Machine disappeared into his laboratory. He remained there for one hour and forty-seven minutes by the clock. When he came out he found the reporter sitting in the reception-room again, holding his head. The scientist's face was as blankly inscrutable as ever.

"Here is the list," said Hatch as he handed it over.

The Thinking Machine took it in his long, slender fingers and turned two or three leaves. Finally he stopped and ran a finger down one page.

"Ah," he exclaimed at last. "I thought so."

"Thought what?" asked Hatch curiously.

"I'm going out to see Mr. Meredith now," remarked The Thinking Machine irrelevantly. "Come along. Have you met him?"

"No."

Mr. Meredith had read the newspaper accounts of the arrest of Dick Herbert and the seizure of the gold plate and jewels; he had even taunted his charming daughter with it in a fatherly sort of a way. She was weeping, weeping her heart out over this latest proof of the perfidy and loathsomeness of the man she loved. Incidentally, it may be mentioned here that the astute Mr. Meredith was not aware of any elopement plot—either the first or second.

When a card bearing the name of Mr. Augustus S. F. X. Van Dusen was handed to Mr. Meredith he went wonderingly into the reception-room. There was a pause as the scientist and Mr. Meredith mentally sized each other up; then introductions—and The Thinking Machine came down to business abruptly, as always.

"May I ask, Mr. Meredith," he began, "how many sons you have?"

"One," replied Mr. Meredith, puzzled.

"May I ask his present address?" went on the scientist.

Mr. Meredith studied the belligerent eyes of his caller and wondered what business it was of his, for Mr. Meredith was a belligerent sort of a person himself.

"May I ask," he inquired with pronounced emphasis on the personal pronoun, "why you want to know?"

Hatch rubbed his chin thoughtfully. He was wondering what would happen to him when the cyclone struck.

"It may save him and you a great deal of annoyance if you will give me his address," said The Thinking Machine. "I desire to communicate with him immediately on a matter of the utmost importance—a purely personal matter."

"Personal matter?" repeated Mr. Meredith. "Your abruptness and manner, sir, were not calculated to invite confidence."

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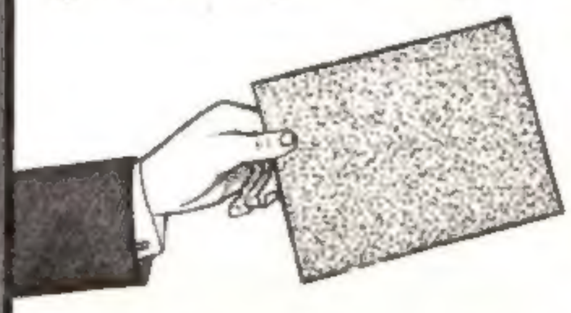

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The Thinking Machine bowed gravely.

"May I ask your son's address?" he repeated.

Mr. Meredith considered the matter at some length and finally arrived at the conclusion that he might ask.

"He is in South America at present—Buenos Ayres," he replied.

"What?" exclaimed The Thinking Machine so suddenly that both Hatch and Mr. Meredith started a little. "What?" he repeated, and wrinkles suddenly appeared in the domelike brow.

"I said he was in South America—Buenos Ayres," repeated Mr. Meredith stiffly, but a little awed. "A letter or cable to him in care of the American Consul at Buenos Ayres will reach him promptly."

The Thinking Machine's narrow eyes were screwed down to the disappearing point, the slender, white fingers were twiddled jerkily, the corrugations remained in his brow.

"How long has Mr. Meredith been there?" he asked at last.

"Three months."

"Do you *know* he *is* there?"

Mr. Meredith started to say something then swallowed it with an effort.

"I know it positively, yes," he replied. "I received this letter dated the second from him three days ago, and to-day I received a cable-dispatch forwarded to me here from Baltimore."

"Are you positive the letter is in your son's handwriting?"

Mr. Meredith almost choked in mingled bewilderment and resentment at the question and the manner of its asking.

"I am positive, yes," he replied at last, preserving his tone of dignity with a perceptible effort. He noted the inscrutable face of his caller and saw the corrugations in the brow suddenly swept away. "What business of yours is it, anyway?" blazed Mr. Meredith suddenly.

"May I ask where *you* were last Thursday night?" went on the even, steady voice.

"It's no business of yours," Mr. Meredith blurted. "I was in Baltimore."

"Can you prove it in a court of law?"

"Prove it? Of course I can prove it!" Mr. Meredith was fairly bellowing at his impassive interrogator. "But it's nobody's business."

"If you *can* prove it, Mr. Meredith," remarked The Thinking Machine quietly, coldly, "you had best make your arrangements to do so, because, believe me, it may be necessary to save you from a charge of having stolen the Randolph gold plate on last Thursday night at the masked ball. Good-day, sir."

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

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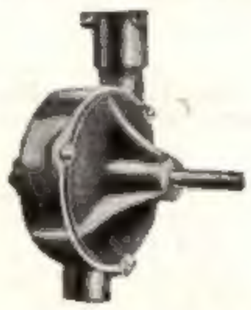

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